

Hebrew Melodies.

a Selection of
Hebrew Melodies

Ancient and Modern

Newly arranged Harmonized corrected and Revised
with appropriate Symphonies & accompaniments

By

I: Nathan

the Poets written expressly for the work

By

Lord Byron

not at Sta^rhall



Price fifteen Shill^r

Published for the Proprietor and to be had
at all the principal Music and Bookellers

1st Number.

PREFACE

In presenting to the public this edition of the *Hebrew Melodies*, I have introduced into it several original circumstances respecting the celebrated poet to whom I am so deeply indebted, and aspersed as the memory of Lord Byron has been by the most unfounded calumnies, I have felt it an imperative duty to withhold nothing, however trivial, which may tend to place his character in its proper light before the world. In doing this, I disclaim any thing like assumption, founded upon the familiar intercourse with which I was honoured by his Lordship, nor can I be charged with unworthy adulation, since flattery cannot

Soothe the dull cold ear of death,
And the grave has closed on the greatest master of sublime song that England has since the days of Milton or may again behold for ages.

The title under which this work appears before the public requires that a few words should be said in explanation of what are the pretensions of the music.

"The Hebrew Melodies are a selection from the favorite airs which are still sung in the religious ceremonies of the Jews. Some of these in common have, with all their sacred compositions, been preserved by memory and tradition only; their age and originality, therefore, must be left to conjecture; but the latitude given to the taste and genius of their performers has been the means of ingrafting on the original melodies a certain wildness and pathos, which have at length become the chief characteristics of the sacred songs of the Jews."

The following quotation from my "Essay on the History and Theory of Music" may not be uninteresting, especially as it tends to strengthen the belief that the Hebrew Melodies have great claims to originality and antiquity.

"Recitative may be traced many centuries before its having been heard of in Greece, for it was known and in general use in the earliest patriarchal times of the Jews; it was then, and still is, materially connected with their religious ceremonies: every word of prayer offered to the Deity, whether in their private or public devotions, is given in a kind of chant; which, although it may not come under the exact character of legitimate recitative, still bears the sound of song."

The circumstance of Mr. Brahm's name not being connected with the musical arrangement of the present edition, may require some explanation.

I originally, under the patronage of their Royal Highnesses the late Princess Charlotte of Wales, the Duchess of York, the Dukes of Kent, Sussex, and Cambridge, &c. &c. &c. proposed to publish the work by subscription, when, amongst other subscribers, Mr. Braham did me the favor to put his name down for two copies, but on an interview with that gentleman, he proposed his singing the melodies in public, and to assist me in the arrangement of them, on condition of my giving him an equal share in the publication. To this I readily consented, under the impression that I should but be paying a just tribute of respect to the first poet of the age, by having his verses sung by the greatest vocalist of the day, and I accordingly paid Mr. Braham his moiety arising from the sale of the first edition.

Mr. Braham's professional occupations, however, preventing him from fulfilling his engagement to me, I considered our contract cancelled, and I published the present new edition, harmonized, corrected, revised, and entirely arranged by myself; but willing to give Mr. Braham (whose urbanity of manner and gentlemanly conduct I feel pleasure in acknowledging) an opportunity of retaining an interest in the work, if he felt inclined, I previously wrote to him on the subject.

The following are the copies of the letters which passed between us; and I have the honor to enclose you a copy of the letter which I sent to Mr. Braham on the 6th of April, 1824.

MY DEAR SIR,

I have purchased the copyright of the Hebrew Melodies from S——'s assigns; I think, if a new edition were published, there would be a sale: are you disposed to join me in the work?

Yours faithfully,

To JOHN BRAHAM, Esq.

J. NATHAN.

Your letter was sent to another John Braham, in Gloucester Place, instead of the above address. I thank you for your offer, but I am sorry I must decline it.

MY DEAR SIR,

Your letter was sent to another John Braham, in Gloucester Place, instead of the above address. I thank you for your offer, but I am sorry I must decline it.

Yours truly,

To J. NATHAN, Esq.

JOHN BRAHAM.

I have the honor to acknowledge the receipt of your letter of the 6th of April, 1824, and to thank you for the offer you make of purchasing the copyright of the Hebrew Melodies from S——'s assigns. I am sorry, however, that I cannot accept of your offer, as I have already purchased the copyright of the work from S——'s assigns, and I have the honor to enclose you a copy of the letter which I sent to Mr. Braham on the 6th of April, 1824.

I am, Sir, very respectfully,
Your obedient servant,
JOHN BRAHAM.

ADVERTISEMENT.

ONE of these anecdotes which had been published in a late edition of the music of the Hebrew Melodies, gave a mortal offence to an *honourable* gentleman, who peremptorily threatened to write a critique in a weekly paper, which threat was carried into execution, with that scurrility which has ever identified itself with the writer: my reply, which was by his particular desire withheld, I now beg to lay before my reader.

SIR,

I lately observed in your paper a critique on the new edition of the Hebrew Melodies, interspersed with conversations and original anecdotes of Lord Byron, which I have just had the honour of submitting to the public. In this critique I had the mortification to see myself rather unceremoniously treated; but feeling as I then did, and as I still must conclude, that every man who lays himself open to public opinion, has a right to expect impartial praise or dispraise from the public press, I was willing to submit to the censure so strongly expressed in this publication, with true fortitude and resignation; but finding that the critique on my humble efforts was not written by those who are professionally employed to review works of this nature, but by one, who to gratify private pique, had made that paper the vehicle for giving vent to his malignant and scurrilous spleen, (occasioned by disappointed vanity and other causes, at a future period to be mentioned,) and at whose hands I have unfortunately received favors too dearly purchased, I venture to hope you will allow me a place in your valuable columns for the following remarks, in the shape of reply to this *self-dubbed critic*, having no inclination "*avaler des couleuvres*," and as little desire to the appellation of "*toad-eater*," at the same time I beg to disclaim any allusion to the public press, which, as I before said, has a just right to censure or approve the works of every writer.

It seems that this *honourable friend* of mine, not satisfied with the *cacoethes loquendi* and the *cacoethes carpendi*, has at length been infected with the *cacoethes scribendi*, and so exclusive is his monopoly of this new enjoyment, that he would deprive a poor *outcast* like myself of the privilege of writing on a subject which he has studied from his infancy.

"Cedite romani scriptores, cedite Graii."

The critique of this *long-careed* gentleman, so like that species of animal on which Balaam rode, commences with an attack on me for quoting Hebrew authority: (a) it is certainly rather

(a) See "Jephtha's Daughter," p. 29.

presumptuous in one educated originally for the Jewish church, to venture even an opinion on the Mosaic creed, much more any description of their historians: and there most assuredly does appear something like *reason* as well as *liberality* in the request, that "I shave my two Hebrew friends before introducing them into genteel society;" and I must confess, I care not how soon I commence the operation, so that this pitiful fellow will first lend me his chin to practise upon, since it is said "*a barbe dé fol, on apprend à raire*;" besides, I might in all probability transform these beards of ancient growth, into a substantial whip for *snarling puppies*.(b)

"As for the wildness of the melodies," says this very *honourable* critic, "such a plea in their favor might be better received among the Esquimaux Indians, than in a country where that sort of civilization in music, which own obedience to the laws of rhythm, has never yet been esteemed a drawback." This sentence is truly ludicrous: the upper mansion of this *shallow-pated* critic must be in a doubtful state of repair, or it would certainly have occurred to his recollection, that the lines which he did me the honour to quote from my present Preface, are rather unfortunately for him, the same expressions, verbatim, as appeared in the Original Preface, and WRITTEN BY HIMSELF, with the strict injunction that his name did not appear. Here followeth the sentence alluded to, from the pen of this critic, *a tourner casaque!!!*

"The latitude given to the taste and genius of their performers, has been the means of ingrafting on the original melodies, a certain *wildness* and *pathos*, which have at length become the chief characteristic of the sacred songs of the Jews!!! (c)

"Nathan," continueth this *all-wise* and *powerful* critic, "would exhibit himself as the employer or taskmaster of the noble poet, not as a person engaged professionally to contribute to his amusement." Now, it so happens, that Nathan never did in the whole course of his life, suffer himself to be *engaged* to contribute to the amusement of any private individual, or in any private society whatever. So much for the truth of this remark!!!

This *tenacious* critic next insolently denies the authenticity of an anecdote, in which Lord Byron's sister is said to have received, from her affectionate brother, a small tribute of his regard in the shape of a compliment so justly her due: (d) this little proof of a brother's attachment for an amiable sister, is envied by this *snarling* critic. Quere: had he not better have kept any further allusion to Miss K— from the public mind? "*Bœotum in crasso jurares acœ natum*."(e)

This *Quizotic* commentator lastly affects to be under serious apprehension for the opinion of the public respecting Lord Byron, in consequence of an anecdote or two, in which his Lordship has paid a gentlemanly compliment to a lady. "Mr. Nathan represents his Patron and friend,"

(b) It may be well to remind the *honourable gentleman* that "*barba facit hominem*," therefore the hair on the chin of my two *Hebrew friends* can reflect greater honour upon them than the illiberal remarks of a *brainless blockhead*, actuated by the vindictive feelings of the moment, can possibly serve to injure them in private or public estimation.

(c) See Preface to the first number of the music to the Hebrew Melodies for the above passage. An excellent Preface, which was greatly admired by Lord Byron, was written expressly for these Melodies when originally published, by Mr. Nathan's friend, R. H. Evans, esq. of the Times Newspaper, but the envy of this *would be critic* (whose vanity induced him to believe that no Preface could possibly equal the one he himself wrote) prevented its insertion. Mr. Evans, however, by the advice of his friends, has since published his Preface separately, dedicated to Messrs. Braham and Nathan.

(d) See "*She Walks in Beauty*," p. 13.

(e) I crave pardon for reminding my readers that the people of the Greek province of Bœotia were proverbially remarkable for their stupidity.

smith this *sapient critic*, "as a most silly and flippant personage; and as Lord Byron has been hitherto unknown to the public in this light, we hope our quotations may not be found tedious: his Lordship subsequently appears a solemn coxcomb; next as theatrical and affected; and lastly as a complete fool." In reference to this seeming alarm for the new character in which Lord Byron may appear, I trust I shall be excused the liberty of applying to the critic, the old saying "*Hæredis stetus sub personâ risus est.*"

Respecting the *one* false accent which this *grovelling critic* has, even with *Ninety-eight eyes* less than Argus, so miraculously discovered in *One Hundred and Twenty-four* pages; it may be necessary to bring to the recollection of this *rusty-brained gentleman*, the pains taken with him to ensure (by a proper management of breath) a correct reading of the poetry, and how to avoid the imperfect accentuation, at a time when his sole happiness seemed centered in the attempt to sing with his *base-toned voice*, the *bass* of this *then* "*beautiful glee*:" besides which, if he had taken the trouble to look at *page 17*, he would most assuredly, without the aid of Diogenes's lantern, have discovered that Mr. Nathan took upon himself the liberty of adding two notes to correct the *one* false accent alluded to, at the risk of injuring the original melody. (f)

It would have been well also for the *paper-skulled musician*, who has meanly lent his services to the *self-dubbed critic* in this voyage of discovery, if he had read a little more, before he ventured to find fault with matters beyond his comprehension, for

"So modern 'pothecaries taught the art,
By doctor's bills, to play the doctor's part;
Bold in the practice of mistaken rules,
Prescribe, apply, and call their masters' fools."

It is however *natural* that this *souffre douleur* of a *flat* should be startled at the appearance of a *sharp* in any shape or form, more especially when in company with an offspring of this musical idiot: for whether from blindness or the wilful desire to make *right* wrong, (as fools are sometimes capable of becoming knaves,) he has contrived, in the given example of the sharp sixth, to introduce a monster in the shape of a note of his own creation! More of this anon!!!

Sir,

I have the honour to subscribe myself,

Yours, obediently,

I. NATHAN.

CRITIQUES.

"FUGITIVE Pieces and Reminiscences of Lord Byron, by Nathan, who, by the drollery of his writings, has thrown us into more violent convulsions of laughter than any individual since the illustrious Joe Miller. Though we do not deny that there is excellent fun in his History and Theory of Music, it does not produce that outrageous merriment which his anecdotes of Lord Byron's conversations, and of Lady Caroline Lamb's correspondence, call forth. In this respect, the 'Fugitive Pieces' is a *chef d'œuvre*.

"He draws the reader's attention to an opinion upon Serenus Saonicus; passes from the subject of Passover Biscuits to considerations of the Abracadabra: from talk of Brandy to the Momic Dispensation; from Julius Africanus to Downton drunk with toddy—yet it is not out of character with the peculiarly comic vein of Nathan.

"In the present volume we find a reprint of the well-known Hebrew Melodies of Lord Byron, with some new speeches of his lordship, blended with psychological speculations, together with correspondences, and an attack upon an *honourable gentleman*, by Nathan, whose exquisite fun is admirably displayed in the Advertisement to the Fugitive Pieces.

Atlas, June 7th, 1829.

It is to be inferred that the *honourable* writer of the above critique (whose risible muscles have been so alarmingly agitated) in his anxiety to commit his hasty thoughts to paper, did not recollect the excellent Latin motto,

PER MULTUM RISUM, POTERIS COGNOSCERE STULTUM.

"The words of the melodies are accompanied by brief remarks or anecdotes of his lordship, generally illustrative of his habits of thought, and possessing considerable interest."—*The Court Journal*, May 23, 1829.

"Nathan, whose very soul is musical, threw all his powers into these melodies. The book before us relating chiefly to the melodies, forms a kind of chat-companion to his musical work. It is highly amusing, and sprinkled throughout with remarks and anecdotes of a most interesting character. When the melodies were preparing for the press, Byron and Nathan were in frequent and familiar communication, and the various incidents that occurred are presented to the reader in a plain unaffected style. In short, we were admitted to the *tête à tête* of the poet and composer, and feel ourselves one of the party while the work was *concerting*, without any dread of being intrusive."—*Dorset County Chronicle*, May 28, 1829.

"Mr. Nathan has here presented us with a variety of anecdotes remarkably diverting, respecting Lord Byron—an acquaintance, founded on mutual esteem, sprung up between the noble poet and composer, the floating recollections of which supply for the most part the materials of the good-humoured gossiping volume before us, and a very interesting one it is—consists of a republication of the 'Hebrew Melodies,' to each of which some little anecdote is attached, descriptive of the circumstances attending its composition, or illustrative of the character and feeling of Lord Byron. Mr. Nathan relates some pleasant and *piquant* anecdotes of Lady Caroline Lamb, which, together with his reminiscences of Lord Byron, render this volume one of the most entertaining we have perused for some time."—*The Sun*, May 29, 1829.

"Reminiscences of Lord Byron, by Mr. Nathan, have produced considerable sensation in the literary world, and must ensure to the author an extensive sale, as a reward for his highly amusing and pleasing production."

John Bull, June 14, 1829.

"There are several interesting anecdotal recollections of Lord Byron, especially his connexion with Drury-lane Theatre; and, above all, a new light is thrown on his lordship's affair with Mrs. Mardyn; likewise some characteristic traits of the late Lady Caroline Lamb, with some pleasing specimens of her ladyship's poetical talent."—*The Mirror*, No. 373.

"We resume our pledge and continue our remarks upon Nathan's excellent work; and as we concluded our last review with a passing glance at *purse-proud oppression* from a dandy banker to our author. * * * * *

"The Reminiscences" present us with many curious anecdotes of Byron, who does not appear to be the misanthrope which many called him. Byron was a keen observer of human nature, and, where his penetrating glance shot into the heart, he saw the worst feelings concealed beneath the varnish, or where he noticed arrogance and folly entwined round the heart of a rogue or coxcomb, he met their advances with a rigidity which would damp the bravest dandy in Bond Street.

"Our limits prevent a longer notice, but we can safely recommend it to our readers as a valuable companion to the *Hebrew Melodies*, and as an interesting little work to lie upon the table when *canai* steals upon the lounge on a summer's day."—*The Dorset County Chronicle*, June 11th, 1829.

I N D E X.

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116*

THE HEBREW MELODIES WILL BE COMPLETE IN FOUR NUMBERS.

NUMBERS III. AND IV.

ARE IN THE PRESS.

This Edition will contain (in addition to those formerly published) some new Melodies, with original MS. Poetry, by Lord Byron.

She walks in beauty!

The Poetry by Lord Byron.

The Music by L. Nathan.

TECNO

GRAZIOSO.

ON MOTO

The first system of the musical score. It features a vocal line on a single staff in treble clef, and a piano accompaniment on two staves (treble and bass clefs). The tempo is marked 'TECNO' and 'GRAZIOSO.', and the performance instruction is 'ON MOTO'. The key signature has one sharp (F#) and the time signature is 3/4.

The second system of the musical score, continuing the vocal line and piano accompaniment from the first system.

The third system of the musical score, including the vocal line and piano accompaniment. The lyrics are written below the vocal staff.

She walks in beau... ty_ like the night Of

cloud-less climes and star-ry skies, And all that's best of dark and

bright ... Meet in her as-pect and her Eyes: Thus mel-low'd to that

ten-der light Which heav'n to gau-dy day de-nies She

walks in beau-ty like the night Of cloudless climes and star-ry skies.

The first system of music consists of a vocal line on a single staff and a piano accompaniment on two staves. The key signature is one sharp (F#) and the time signature is 4/4. The piano accompaniment features a steady eighth-note bass line and a more active treble line with chords and moving lines.

The second system continues the musical piece. The vocal line begins with the lyrics: "One shade the more, one ray the less, Had half im-pair'd the nameless". The piano accompaniment continues with similar rhythmic patterns.

The third system continues the musical piece. The vocal line begins with the lyrics: "grace Which waves in ev-ry ra-ven tress, Or soft-ly light-ens". The piano accompaniment continues with similar rhythmic patterns.

The fourth system continues the musical piece. The vocal line begins with the lyrics: "o'er her face-Where thoughts se-rene-ly sweet ex-press How pure how". The piano accompaniment continues with similar rhythmic patterns.

dear their dwelling place. . . . She walks in beauty like the night of

cloudless climes and starry skies.

And on that cheek and o'er that

brow So soft so calm yet eloquent The smiles that win the

tints that glow But tell of days in goodness spent. A mind at peace with

all be-low- A heart whose love is in- no-cent She

walks in beauty- like the night Of cloudless climes and star-ry skies.

She walks in Beauty

Arranged for 3 Voices

by L. Nathan

GRAZIOSO
CON MOTO.

1st
SOPRANO.

She walks in beauty_ like the night Of cloudless climes and

Counter Tenor
or 2d
SOPRANO.

She walks in beauty_ like the night Of cloudless climes and

BASSO.

She walks in beauty_ like the night and

PIANO
FORTE.

star...ry skies And all that's best of dark and bright Meet in her as...pect and her

star...ry skies And all that's best of dark and bright Meet in her as...pect and her

star...ry skies And all that's best of dark and bright Meet in her as...pect and her

eyes, Thus mellow'd to that ten...der light Which heav'n to gau...dy day de..

eyes, Thus mellow'd to that ten...der light Which heav'n to gau...dy day de..

eyes, Thus mellow'd to that ten...der light Which heav'n to gau...dy day de..

...nies She walks in beauty like the night of cloudless climes and starry skies.

...nies She walks in beauty like the night of cloudless climes and starry skies.

...nies She walks in beauty like the night of cloudless climes and starry skies.

One shade the more one ray the less Had half im...pair'd the nameless

One shade the more one ray the less Had half im...pair'd the nameless

One shade the more one ray the less Had half im...pair'd the nameless

grace Which waves in ev'ry ra..ven tress Or soft..ly light.ens o'er her

grace Which waves in ev'ry ra..ven tress Or soft..ly light.ens o'er her

grace Which waves in ev'ry ra..ven tress Or soft..ly light.ens o'er her

face, Where thoughts se.rene.ly sweet ex..press. How pure, how dear their dwelling

face, Where thoughts se.rene.ly sweet ex..press. How pure, how dear their dwelling

face, Where thoughts se.rene.ly sweet ex..press. How pure, how dear their dwelling

place She walks in beauty like the night Of cloudless climes and starry skies.

place She walks in beauty like the night Of cloudless climes and starry skies.

place She walks in beauty like the night Of cloudless climes and starry skies.

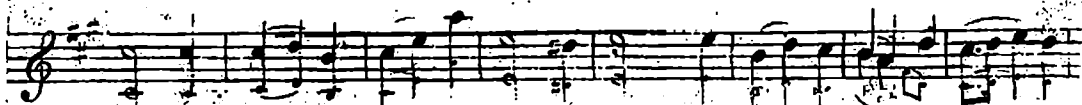
And on that cheek, and o'er that brow So soft so calm yet e... lo

And on that cheek, and o'er that brow So soft so calm yet e... lo

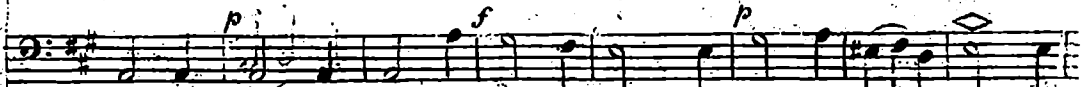
And on that cheek, and o'er that brow yet e... lo



...quent The smiles that win the tints that glow But tell of days in goodness



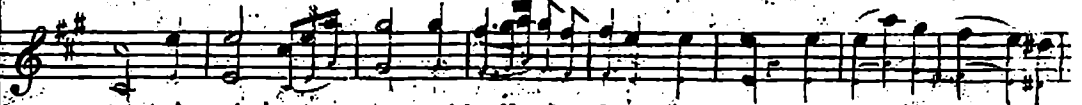
...quent The smiles that win the tints that glow But tell of days in goodness



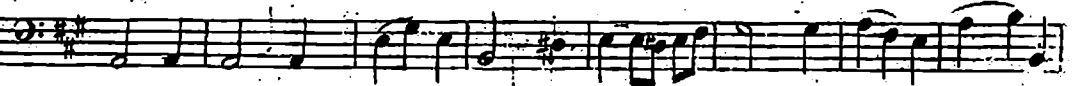
...quent The smiles that win the tints that glow But tell of days in goodness



spent A mind at peace with all be..low A heart whose love is in...no.

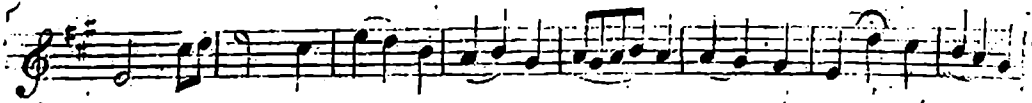


spent A mind at peace with all be..low A heart whose love is in...no.



spent A mind at peace with all be..low A heart whose love is in...no.





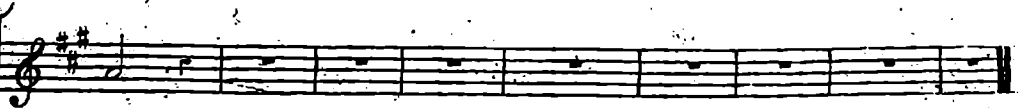
...cent She walks in beauty like the night Of cloudless climes and starry



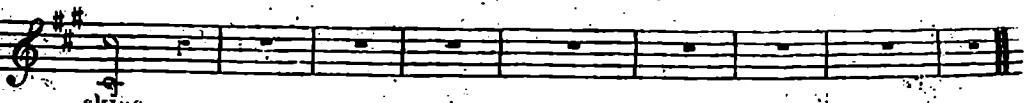
...cent She walks in beauty like the night Of cloudless climes and starry



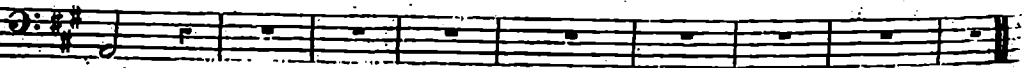
...cent She walks in beauty like the night Of cloudless climes and starry



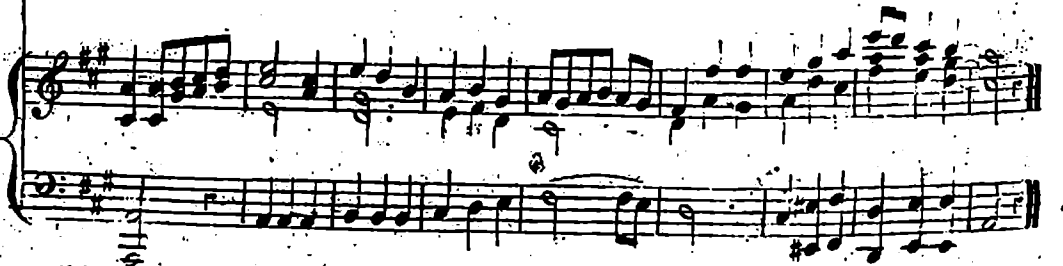
skies . .



skies .



skies .



SHE WALKS IN BEAUTY.

SHE walks in beauty, like the night
 Of cloudless climes and starry skies ;
 And all that's best of dark and bright,
 Meet in her aspect and her eyes :
 Thus mellow'd to that tender light,
 Which heaven to gaudy day denies.

One shade the more, one ray the less,
 Had half impair'd the nameless grace
 Which waves in every raven tress,
 Or softly lightens o'er her face ;
 Where thoughts serenely sweet express
 How pure, how dear, their dwelling-place.

And on that cheek, and o'er that brow,
 So soft, so calm, yet eloquent,
 The smiles that win, the tints that glow,
 But tell of days in goodness spent,—
 A mind at peace with all below,
 A heart whose love is innocent !

Lord BYRON here represents, with much discernment and feeling, the various shades of perfection in female beauty, by comparing with a masterly touch the serene placidity and harmony of features to various objects in nature.

The empty shew so often predominant in the structure and embellishments of female attire, he tacitly, but strongly, condemns, by exhibiting the simple and becoming beauty of their contraries.

The countenance, which in the female character is generally the index of the mind, his Lordship here represents with a degree of penetration which can only be the result of keen observation and experience, drawing a beautiful and striking conclusion, that without innocence, peace, and harmony within, we can scarcely find placidity and composure in female expression.

When arranging the first edition of the Hebrew Melodies, it was remarked that his Lordship generally requested to hear this melody sung, and would not unfrequently join in its execution. There was a melancholy expression hanging over his countenance on these occasions, which would induce a belief that there was somewhat more of reality connected with the feelings which the lines expressed, than the mere imagination of the poet. On finding this air, therefore, placed first in the arrangement, (which was done in compliment to his Lordship,) he appeared much pleased. These circumstances, trivial in themselves, but certainly important to the development of the real character of his Lordship, gave rise to many conjectures relative to the above lines. It is most probable, from the fervent attachment he felt towards his sister, whose countenance was as beautiful, as her disposition was amiable, and the unceasing tenderness with which he seemed on all occasions to view her, that they were directed to that Lady alone. This opinion is much strengthened, by the anxiety he betrayed whenever the composition was executed in her presence.

IF THAT HIGH WORLD

IF that high world, which lies beyond
 Our own; surviving love endears;
 If there the cherish'd heart be fond,
 The eye, the same except in tears:
 How welcome those untrodden spheres!
 How sweet this very hour to die!
 To soar from earth, and find all fears,
 Lost in thy light—Eternity!

It must be so—'tis not for self
 That we so tremble on the brink,
 And striving to o'erleap the gulf,
 Yet cling to being's breaking link.
 Oh! in that future let us think,
 To hold each heart the heart that shares;
 With them th' immortal waters drink,
 And soul in soul grow deathless theirs!

Perhaps no subject has been more frequently canvassed, and more entirely misunderstood, than the religious sentiments of Lord Byron; and it is more than probable, that the philosophic doubts he has sometimes poetically thrown out, may have given rise to the volumes of calumny and abuse which have been heaped on him. The truth is, that, under a singularly playful manner, he was wrapped in profound meditation; and it not unfrequently occurred, that he would throw into the conviviality of the moment, the disjointed reflections of his contemplative mind. It must, however, be added, that these sallies were too often made the subject of grave examination, and sometimes of malicious construction. On the occasion of his presenting me with these verses, I could not refrain from remarking that the monosyllable (if) with which it commenced, would doubtless form the ground of very grave condemnation. He smiled, and observed, that there were two distinct classes of readers, especially of poetry: the one could understand and appreciate the feelings of a writer, without making every imaginative thought the foundation of a judgment on his principles; the other could neither understand nor judge of any thing but matter of fact—line and rule critics—with whom he never had any great ambition to become a favorite. It followed, that my suggestion was treated as an assertion—numerous attacks were made on the noble author's religion, and in some an inference of atheism was drawn.

In a subsequent conversation, he observed to me, "They accuse me of atheism; an atheist I could never be: no man of reflection can feel otherwise than doubtful and anxious when reflecting on futurity. Yet," continued he, rising hastily from his seat, and pacing the room,

"It must be so—'tis not for self,
 That we so tremble on the brink."

"Alas! Nathan, we either know too little, or feel too much on this subject; and, if it be criminal to speculate on it, (as the gentlemen critics say,) I fear I must ever remain an awful offender."

Of that high World.

The Poetry by Lord Byron.

The Music by L. Nathan.

SONG

MASTABLE

The first system of music features a vocal line on a single staff and piano accompaniment on two staves. The vocal line begins with a treble clef, a key signature of one flat (B-flat), and a common time signature. The piano accompaniment starts with a grand staff (treble and bass clefs) and includes dynamic markings such as *p* and *f*.

The second system continues the piano accompaniment. It includes dynamic markings like *p*, *f*, and *p*, and a *Dolce* marking above the staff. The notation shows intricate chordal textures and melodic lines in both hands.

The third system concludes the piano accompaniment. It features dynamic markings such as *mf*, *p*, and *f*, along with a *Legato* marking. The piece ends with a double bar line.

If that high world which lies beyond our own sur- vi- . . . ying . . . love . . . en

dears. If there the cherish'd heart be found the eye the same ex- cept in

tears. How

welcome those un- trod- den spheres how sweet . . . this very hour to

ad lib:

die To soar from earth and find all fears Lost in thy light e....ter.ni..

.....ty It

p *f* *p* *Legato*

must be so 'tis not forself that we so trem.ble on the brink And

stri...ving to oer leap the gulph yet cling to be...ings break...ing link

Oh in that fu - ture

let us think To hold each heart the heart that shares With them the im - mor - tal

Ad lib.

wic - ters drink And soul in soul grew death - less theirs

Ad lib.

If that high world

(Arranged for Three Voices.)

By Leo Nathan

Dole

CANTABILE

Musical notation for the piano introduction, consisting of two staves (treble and bass clef) in a 3/4 time signature. The melody is written in the treble clef, and the accompaniment is in the bass clef. The key signature has one flat (B-flat).

Continuation of the piano accompaniment, showing more complex chordal textures and melodic lines in both staves.

The first vocal line, starting with the lyrics: "If that high world which lies beyond our own sur.vi...ving love.en.dears".

The second vocal line, starting with the lyrics: "If that high world which lies beyond our own sur.vi...ving love.en.dears".

The third vocal line, starting with the lyrics: "If that high world which lies beyond our own sur.vi...ving love.en.dears".

The fourth vocal line, starting with the lyrics: "If that high world which lies beyond our own sur.vi...ving love.en.dears".

The final piano accompaniment section, consisting of two staves (treble and bass clef) in a 3/4 time signature, providing harmonic support for the vocal lines.

If there the cherished heart be fond The eye the same except in

If there the cherished heart be fond The eye the same except in

If there the cherished heart be fond The eye the same except in

The first system consists of three vocal staves (Soprano, Alto, and Tenor) and a piano accompaniment. The lyrics are repeated on each vocal staff. The piano part is in the lower register, providing harmonic support for the vocal lines.

tears How

tears How

tears

The second system continues the vocal lines and piano accompaniment. The lyrics 'tears' and 'How' are placed at the end of the vocal staves. The piano part continues with a steady accompaniment.

welcome those un - trod - den spheres How sweet this very hour to die To

welcome those un - trod - den spheres How sweet this very hour to die To

un - trod - den spheres How sweet this very hour to die To

soar from earth and find all fears lost in thy light e. ter. ni. ty

soar from earth and find all fears lost in thy light e. ter. ni. ty

soar from earth and find all fears lost in thy light e. ter. ni. ty

ad lib: f

It must be so tis

It must be so tis

It must be so tis

not forself that we so tremble on the brink And striving to o'er

not forself that we so tremble on the brink And striving to o'er

not forself that we so tremble on the brink And striving to o'er

leap the gulph yet cling to beings breaking link.

leap the gulph yet cling to beings breaking link.

leap the gulph yet cling to beings breaking link.

The first system consists of three vocal staves and a piano accompaniment. The vocal staves are in treble clef with a key signature of one flat (B-flat). The piano accompaniment is in bass clef. The lyrics are repeated on each vocal staff.

Oh in that future let us think To

Oh in that future let us think To

let us think To

The second system continues the musical score with three vocal staves and piano accompaniment. The lyrics are repeated across the vocal staves.

hold each heart the heart that shares With them the immortal waters drink And

hold each heart the heart that shares With them the immortal waters drink And

hold each heart the heart that shares With them the immortal waters drink And

ad lib.
soul in soul grow deathless theirs.

soul in soul grow deathless theirs.

soul in soul grow deathless theirs.

Jephthah's Daughter.

The Poetry by Lord Byron.

The Music by J. Nathan.

ADAGIO.

First system of musical notation, featuring a treble clef and a bass clef. The music is in 2/4 time and begins with a key signature of one flat (B-flat). The treble staff contains a melodic line with various note values and rests. The bass staff provides a harmonic accompaniment with chords and moving lines.

Second system of musical notation. The treble staff includes the instruction "loco" above a section of notes, indicating a change in articulation. The bass staff continues the accompaniment with triplets and other rhythmic patterns.

Third system of musical notation. The treble staff contains the lyrics: "Since our Country our God oh my Sire. Demand that thy". The bass staff continues the accompaniment.

Fourth system of musical notation. The treble staff contains the lyrics: "Daugh-ter ex-pire Since thy Triumph was bought by thy Vow". The bass staff continues the accompaniment.

Strike the bosom that's hard to thee now.

ad lib.

And of this oh my Father be sure,

That the blood of thy Child is as pure As the blessing I

beg ere it flow And the lust thought that soothes me below

When this blood of thy giving hath gush'd . . . When the voice that thou

lovest is hush'd . . . Let my Memo-ry still be thy

pride . . . And for get not I smild as I died . . .

ad lib. *very slow* *ad lib.* *a tempo primo*

JEPHTHA'S DAUGHTER.

SINCE our country, our God,—oh, my sire!
Demand that thy daughter expire;
Since thy triumph was bought by thy vow,
Strike the bosom that's bared to thee now.

And the voice of my mourning is o'er,
And the mountains behold me no more:
If the hand that I love lay me low,
There cannot be pain in the blow!

And of this, oh, my father! be sure,
That the blood of thy child is as pure
As the blessing I beg ere it flow,
And the last thought that soothes me below.

Though the virgins of Salem lament,
Be the judge of the hero unbent!
I have won the great battle for thee,
And my father and country are free.

When this blood of thy giving hath gush'd,
When the voice that thou lovest is hush'd,
Let my memory still be thy pride,
And forget not I smiled as I died!

The vows of the ancients, made either in memory of miraculous deliverances, such as the vanquishing of an enemy, or any event of importance, were held as inviolable by the Jewish nation, and those feelings were no less cherished by the Greeks and Romans, even to an unnatural extent.

The filial affection portrayed by the daughter of Jephtha, is finely expressed in this Melody; the submission to that which she considered the imperative duty of a parent, and the soothing, the overwhelming sorrow not only of her father but of the virgin daughters of Salem, are expressed in language well suited to the lamentable tale.

When the last anguish is over, and the stillness of death reigns in the mortal remains of his beloved daughter, she pathetically invokes her father to cherish her memory, and to bear in remembrance that she was a willing victim, and resigned her life with a smile on her countenance.

It is well known that the tale of Jephtha's sacrifice is involved in much obscurity. The number of instances of fabulous history of a similar mode of appeasing the gods appears to refer its origin to Greece, the fountain head of all that is romantic.*

When these beautiful lines were composed by Lord Byron, I was anxious to ascertain his real sentiments on the subject, hinting my own belief that it might not necessarily mean a positive sacrifice of the daughter's life, but perhaps referred to a sentence of perpetual seclusion, a state held by the Jews as dead indeed to society, and the most severe infliction that could be imposed. With his usual frankness, he observed, "Whatever may be the absolute state of the case, I am innocent of her blood; she has been killed to my hands: besides, you know *such an infiction*, as the world goes, would not be a subject for sentiment or pathos; therefore do not seek to exumate the lady."

On another occasion when Jephtha was the subject of conversation, his lordship, with much good-humor, suddenly put an end to the argument, by exclaiming, "Well, my hands are not imbrued in her blood! I shall not by killing her incur censure from the world, for an attempt to deprive them of the pleasure of thinking a little more on the subject."

Nearly all the ancient commentators agree in opinion that Jephtha did actually sacrifice the life of his daughter. Jonathan, son of Huziel, who lived in the time of the second temple, and who gave the explanation of the Bible in Chaldaic, on verses 39 and 40th of the eleventh chapter of Judges, says, "and it became a law in Israel, that no man should ever offer up his son or daughter for a sacrifice, as Jephtha had done: and," continues the commentator, "Jephtha did not refer to, or inquire of, Phinehas the priest; † for, had he done so, Phinehas would have informed him that his daughter could be redeemed with money. There is a law in

* Some of the literati of the present day, whom I have had occasion to consult on this subject, appear to treat the matter altogether as scititious. There are, however, many homogeneous narratives, recorded by various writers, who give at least strong colouring to the probability of its authenticity, leaving out of question the insincere and barbarous rashness of vows so revolting to common humanity, and to all laws of nature, and the improbability of such monstrous sacrifices proving acceptable to the most high and wonderful Architect of the Universe, whom we are led to believe "all mercy and goodness."

In the History of Telemachus, Idomeneus, the son of Deucalion, and grandson to Minos, who went with the rest of the Grecian kings to the siege of Troy, being, on his return to Crete, surprised by so violent a storm, that the pilot and most experienced mariners in the ship thought they would inevitably be cast away, is made to invoke Neptune in these words: "O powerful god! who commandest the empire of the sea, vouchsafe to hear the prayers of the distressed. If thou deliverest me from the fury of the winds, and bringest me again safe to Crete, the first head I see shall fall by my own hands, a sacrifice to thy deity!" In the mean time the son of Idomeneus, impatient to see his father again, made haste to meet and embrace him at his landing. The father, who had escaped the storm, arrived safe at the wished-for haven; but a black presage of his misfortune now made him bitterly repent his rash vow: he dreaded his coming among his own people; he turned his eyes to the ground, and trembled for fear of seeing whatever was dearest to him in the world. He sees his son—he starts back with horror—his eyes in vain look about for some other head, less dear to him, to serve for his intended sacrifice. Grown mad, and pushed on by the infernal forces, he thrust his sword into the heart of the youth, and drew it out again, all reeking and drenched in blood, to plunge it into his own bowels; but he was prevented by those that were present.

This account of Idomeneus is not exactly fabulous, for we find it narrated by several authors. Servius, in his Commentary on Virgil, relates it as follows:

"Idomeneus, quum post ceteram Trojam revertiretur, in tempestato devovit diis sacrificaturum se dare, quæ ei primo occurrit. Contigit autem, ut filius ejus primus occurreret; quem quum, ut alii dicunt, immolasset; ut alii, immolare voluisset, à civibus pulsus regno, Salentinum Calabre promontorium tenuit, juxta quod condidit civitatem."

"Idomeneus, when he was returning from Crete, after the destruction of Troy, was caught in a storm; and in that extremity he vowed that he would sacrifice to the gods the first being that should meet him on his landing. It happened that his son was the first person that presented himself to his view. And when he had sacrificed him, as some say, or attempted it, as other report, he was driven from his kingdom by his subjects; and having taken possession of the promontory of Salentinum, in Calabria, he built a city in that neighbourhood."—SEV. *Æ.* III. 121. XI. 201.

The following story of Iphigenia is also strikingly similar to that of Jephtha: "When the Greeks, going to the Trojan war, were detained by contrary winds at Aulis, they were informed by one of the soothsayers, that, to appease the gods, they must sacrifice Iphigenia (the daughter of Agamemnon and Clytemnestra,) to Diana.

"The father, who had provoked the goddess by killing her favorite stag, heard this with the greatest horror and indignation; and rather than shed the blood of his daughter, he commanded one of his heralds, a chief of the Grecian forces, to order all the assembly to depart, each to his respective home. Ulysses and the generals interfered, and Agamemnon consented to immolate his daughter for the common cause of Greece.

† This is the same Phinehas who is mentioned in Numbers, chap. xxv, verse 11:—"Phinehas, the son of Eleazer, the son of Aaron the priest, hath turned my wrath away from the children of Israel. He was living in the time of Jephtha, as we find in Judges, chap. xx, verse 28. "And Phinehas the son of Eleazer, the son of Aaron, stood before it in those days." And this was many years after Jephtha. The same Phinehas existed more than 300 years, as it appears in the book called *שֵׁנֵי הַלֵּוִי*. "Chain of Tradition."

Israel, that when a man offereth an animal that is unfit for sacrifice, it must be redeemed with money, with which another animal that is fit for sacrifice shall be purchased."* *See Talmud.*

Notwithstanding that the Medrish, † and nearly all the Hebrew commentators, are decided in their opinion as to the positive sacrifice of life in this instance, more than a sentence of perpetual seclusion cannot be concluded from sacred history. ‡

The errors that have arisen from literal translation of figurative expressions in use among a particular people, have frequently occasioned an entire misconception of their tendency. It is not always sufficiently remembered that the eastern nations, especially the Jews, are peculiarly given to the use of figures, which, indeed, seem to have originated from the early use of hieroglyphics.

The passage in Judges, chapter xi, verse 37, ירדתי על ההרים, "And I will go down by the mountains."|| —In Medrish Tanhuma, Rabi Tanhuma saith, that the expression "*mountain*" is used for the sanhedrim, for mighty men are so called.—Thus the daughter of Jephtha said, "I will go down by the *mountains*, peradventure they will annul the vow."

To prove that the expression "*mountain*" is used for mighty men, in Micah, chap. vi, verses 1 and 2, it says, "Hear ye now what the Lord saith: arise, contend thou before the *mountains*, and the *hills* hear my voice; and hear ye, O *mountains*! the Lord's controversy, and ye strong foundations of the earth; for the Lord hath a controversy with his people, and he will plead with Israel."

The authors Rashi § and Rabi David Kimshi say, the "*mountains*" are the patriarchs, Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob; and the "*hills*" are the mothers Sarah, Rebecca, Leah, and Rachel.

King David also calls himself a "*Mount*," as in Psalm xxx, ברצונך העמדת להררי עז, "Thou hast caused my mount to stand strong." Rashi explains it thus: "Thou hast caused my grandour to be strong." Aben Ezra has it thus, "Thou hast made me a strong mount." Don Aben Jechiah, one of the nobles of Judah, says, "David called himself a mount."

From this view of the subject we can easily understand how it occurred, that persons in imminent peril went down to the *mountains*, who were, doubtless, a race of persons similar to the Persian magi.

* The redeeming of a person is mentioned in Leviticus, chap. xxvii, verses 3, 4, 5.

† Thus says the Medrish: "Phinehas, being then the priest of the age, said unto himself, 'Jephtha is in want of me. It is proper that he should come to me.' And Jephtha said, 'I am head governor of Israel; should I go to him?' So between them both the dnmuel perished; and therefore they were both punished for the sake of her blood, as follows: The Holy Spirit departed from Phinehas; as it is mentioned in Chron. chap. ix, verse 20.—'And Phinehas, the son of Eleazer, was the ruler over them in time past (before and until this orent), and the Lord was with him.' And Jephtha was afflicted with leprosy; so that his limbs fell off of him in every place where he went, as it is said; 'and he was buried in the cities of Gilead, בריש רבה.'"

‡ Judges, chap. xi, verse 30.

|| ירדתי And I will go down

על על

ההרים the mountains;

which is in the English Bible thus incorrectly given, "that I may go up and down upon the mountains."

§ Rabi Schelemoth Jarchi, an eminent and learned writer on the Bible, who, according to the Hebrew licence of taking the initials of succeeding words, and joining them together, is commonly called Rashi.

THE WILD GAZELLE.

The wild Gazelle on Judah's hills
 Exulting yet may bound,
 And drink from all the living rills
 That gush on holy ground,
 Its airy step and glorious eye
 May glance in tameless transport by.

A step as fleet, an eye more bright
 Hath Judah witness'd there,
 And o'er her scenes of lost delight
 Inhabitants more fair;
 The cedars wave on Lebanon,
 But Judah's statelier maids are gone.

More blest each palm that shades those plains
 Than Israel's scattered race;
 For taking root if there remains
 In solitary grace.
 It cannot quit its place of birth,
 It will not live in other earth.

But we must wander witheringly
 In other lands to die,
 And where our fathers' ashes be,
 Our own may never lie.
 Our temple hath not left a stone
 And mockery sits on Salem's throne.

Lord Byron has at all times been successful in his metaphorical allusions; the stately steps of the Gazelle, bounding upon the mountains with a more exalted opinion of its own powers than all other animals, drinking independently from the rills, as if one of the lords of the creation, presents a picture combining at once elegance of form, with an apparent consciousness of its own structure.

The cedars of Lebanon are beautifully brought in as a testimony of what Israel once was; and the palms of the plains are scattered and dispersed to take root successfully, in no other soil: like to the latter, the sons of Judah are bereft of their paternal possessions, they wither and die in exile, and the ashes of their fathers cease to mingle with posterity, having no certain sepulchre.

The wild Gazelle is an animal of peculiar grace and beauty; it is the same that bears the name of antelope: it is celebrated for its timidity and swiftness. In reference to these qualities, the expression "tameless transport," has been considered singularly appropriate.

Lord Byron's fondness for animals, generally, was conspicuous: he was in possession of some beautiful parrots, with which, during the intervals of his writing, he used commonly to amuse himself. He had rendered one of these so attached to him, that though entirely at war with strangers, it evinced the greatest anxiety to be always with him. If his lordship seemed to notice any person particularly, this bird would express its indignation and jealousy in the most amusing manner, and would immediately attack his lordship, until he bestowed his caresses on it.

This little exhibition used to please him; and on one occasion he remarked, "this creature would exhibit no diminution of affection in a cottage, nor more if it were on the throne." This remark was casual; but at the moment he made it, his feelings were strongly aroused, from circumstances too well known to the public.

My attention was, one morning, particularly attracted in witnessing the patience of Lord Byron, when assailed by one of his favorite birds. I was leaving the room, accompanied to the door by his lordship, when one of them lighted upon his foot, which it lacerated till the blood flowed copiously; instead of being excited by the pain produced, his lordship was only lost in admiration at the strong attachment of the bird, which he instantly caressed, and, in the words of Macheath, exclaimed, "Was this well done, Jenny?"

It must here be remarked, that the bird took its name from that of the donor, given in compliment by his lordship.

I waited upon Lord Byron the next morning to inquire after his foot, his lordship treated the matter with indifference, and said, "I am confident, Nathan, that the wound was intended for you; but Jenny, in her jealous fit, mistook her aim." He then imprisoned the parrot in its cage, and observed, "Jenny, like other ladies, can play a deceitful part; she will coax your attention, and when you least expect it, will revenge herself for yesterday's disappointment."

The wild Gazelle

The Poet by Lord Byron.

The Music by L. Nathan.

ALLEGRETTO

The wild Gazelle on Judah's hills Exulting yet may bound And

drink from all the living rills That gush on ho...ly ground The

wild Gazelle on Ju... dah's hills ex... ult

...ing yet may bound And drink from all the li... ving rills That

gush on holy ho... ly ground Its airy step and

glorious eye and glorious eye May glance in tameless

transport by Its airy step and glorious eye May glance in tameless

transport by.

More blest each Palm that shades those plains Than Israel's scatter'd

race; For taking root it there remains In so...li...ta...ry grace More

blest each Palm that shades those plains Than Israel's seat

terrace For taking root it there remains In so

lactary grace It cannot quit its place of birth

its place of birth It will not live in o...ther earth It cannot

quit its place of birth - It will not live in o...ther earth

Larghetto.

But we must wander witheringly In other lands to die And

where our Fa..thers ashes be Our own may never lie Our

Temple hath not left a stone And mockery sits on Salem's throne on

Allegretto

Sa.....lem's throne..... The..

A tempo primo

wild Gazel.....le on Ju.....dah's hill Ex.....ul.....ting yet may

bound And drink from all the li.....ving rills That

gush on Ho.....ly ground The wild Gazelle on

Ju.....dah's hills Ex.....ulting yet maybound And

drink from all the li.....ving rills That gush on Ho.ly Ho.....

.....ly ground It's airy step and

glori...ous eye and glori...ous eye May

glance in tame...less tran...sport by its airy step and glorious

eye May glance in tame...less tran...sport by

The wild Gazelle

Arranged for 2 Voices.

By J. Nathan.

ALLEGRETTO

Two staves of piano introduction in 2/4 time. The first staff is in treble clef and the second in bass clef. The tempo is marked 'ALLEGRETTO'. The music features a rhythmic melody in the right hand and a supporting bass line in the left hand.

1st SOPRANO

2nd SOPRANO

TENOR

BASS

PIANO-FORTE

The wild Gazelle on ju dah's hills Ex..ult...ing yet may

The wild Gazelle on ju dah's hills Ex..ult..ing yet may

The wild Gazelle on ju dah's hills Ex..ult..ing yet may

on judah's hills Ex..ult...ing yet may

Vocal and piano accompaniment for the song. It includes staves for 1st Soprano, 2nd Soprano, Tenor, Bass, and Piano-Forte. The lyrics are: 'The wild Gazelle on ju dah's hills Ex..ult...ing yet may'. The piano accompaniment is in 2/4 time and includes dynamic markings like 'p' and 'f'.

bound And drink from all the liv...ing rills That gush on ho...ly

bound And drink from all the liv...ing rills That gush on ho...ly

bound And drink from all the liv...ing rills That gush on ho...ly

bound And drink from all the liv...ing rills That gush on ho...ly

ground The wild Gazelle on ju...dah's hills ex...ul...ing yet may

ground The wild Gazelle on ju...dah's hills ex...ul...ing yet may

ground on ju...dah's hills ex...ul...ing yet may

ground The wild Gazelle on ju...dah's hills ex...ul...ing yet may

.....ting yet may bound And drink from all the li.....ving rills That

.....ting yet may bound And drink from all the li.....ving rills That

bound yet may bound And drink from all the li.....ving rills

.....ting yet may bound And drink from all the li.....ving rills That

gush on ho..ly ho.....ly ho.....ly ground Its Airy step And

gush on ho..ly ho.....ly ho.....ly ground Its Airy step And

That gush on ho..ly ground Its Airy step And

gush on ho.....ly ground Its Airy step And

glori.ous Eye And glorious eye may glance in tame.less
glorious Eye And glorious eye may glance in
glorious Eye And glorious eye may glance in tame.less
glori.ous Eye And glorious eye may glance in tame.less

transport by Its airy step and glorious eye May
transport by Its airy step and glorious eye May
transport by Its airy step and glorious eye May
transport by Its airy step and glorious eye May

glance in tameless transport by

glance in tameless transport by

glance in tameless transport by

glance in tameless transport by

Larghetto

But we must wan...der witheringly in

But we must wan...der witheringly in

But we must wan...der witheringly in

But we must wan...der witheringly in

ot...her lands to die and where our fa...thers ashes be our
 ot...her lands to die and where our fa...thers ashes be our
 our
 ot...her lands to die and where our fa...thers ashes be our

own may never lie our Temple hath not left a stone And
 own may never lie our Temple hath not left a stone And
 own may never lie
 own may never lie our Temple hath not left a stone And

mockry sits on Sa...lem's throne on Sa...lem's throne

mockry sits on Sa...lem's throne on Sa...lem's throne on Sa...lem's

on Sa...lem's throne on Sa...lem's

mockry, sits on Sa...lem's throne on Sa...lem's throne.....

Allegretto a tempo primo

..... on Sa...lem's throne. The wild Gazelle on ju...dah's hills ex...

throne on Sa...lem's throne The wild Gazelle on ju...dah's hills ex...

throne on Sa...lem's throne The wild Gazelle on ju...dah's hills ex...

..... on ju...dah's hills ex...

ult...ing yet may bound And drink from all the living rills that

ult...ing yet may bound And drink from all the living rills that

ult...ing yet may bound And drink from all the living rills that

ult...ing yet may bound And drink from all the living rills that

gush on ho..ly ground The wild Gazel..le on ju...dah's hills ex...

gush on ho..ly ground The wild Gazel..le on ju...dah's hills ex...

gush on ho..ly ground on ju...dah's hills ex...

gush on ho..ly ground The wild Gazel..le on ju...dah's hills ex...

ult.....ing yet may bound And drink from all the

ult.....ing yet may bound And drink from all the

ult...ing yet may bound yet may bound And drink from all the

ult.....ing yet may bound And drink from all the

lento

living rills that gush on holy ho...ly ho.....lyground Its airy step

living rills that gush on holy ho...ly ho.....lyground Its airy step

living rills that gush on holyground Its airy step

living rills that gush on ho.....lyground Its airy step

And glorious eye And glorious eye may

And glorious eye And glorious eye may

And glorious eye And glorious eye may

And glorious eye And glorious eye may

glance in tameless transport by its airy step and glorious

glance in transport by its airy step

glance in tameless transport by its airy step

glance in tameless transport by its airy step

eye May glance in tame..less trans port by

And glorious eye May glance in tame..less transport by

And glorious eye May glance in tame..less trans port by

And glorious eye May glance in tame..less transport by

The first system of the musical score consists of five staves. The top four staves are vocal parts, each with the lyrics: "eye May glance in tame..less trans port by" on the first line and "And glorious eye May glance in tame..less transport by" on the second line. The fifth staff is a grand staff (treble and bass clefs) representing the piano accompaniment.

The second system of the musical score consists of five staves. The top four staves are vocal parts, which are mostly empty with some faint markings. The fifth staff is a grand staff (treble and bass clefs) representing the piano accompaniment, which continues with a melodic line.

It is the hour

The Poetry by Lord Byron.

The Music by L. Nathan.

ALLEGRETTO

It is the hour.. when from the boughs The Night...in.. gales high

note is heard It is the hour when lovers...vows seem sweet in ev'ry whisperd word.

And gentle winds and waters near, Make music to the lonely ear. Each

flow'r the dews have lightly wet, And in the skies the stars are met.

And on the wave is deeper blue And on the leaf a

browner hue And in the Heaven that clear obscure So softly dark and darkly pure

And in the heav'n that clear obscure So softly dark and darkly pure

That follows the decline of day As twilight melts beneath the

moon away.

Final system of piano accompaniment.

IT IS THE HOUR.

It is the hour when from the boughs
 The nightingale's high note is heard,
 It is the hour—when lovers' vows
 Seem sweet in every whisper'd word,
 And gentle winds and waters near
 Make music to the lonely ear.
 Each flower the dews have lightly wet,
 And in the sky the stars are met:
 And on the wave is deeper blue,
 And on the leaf a browner hue,
 And in the Heaven, that clear obscure
 So softly dark, and darkly pure,
 That follows the decline of day
 As twilight melts beneath the moon away.

The beauties of solitude are finely expressed in the foregoing melody: the stillness of night, with all its natural attendants; the nightingale raising its melodious notes, the gentle breezes, the murmuring of a distant rill, all harmonize to add pleasure to the happy lovers in their lonely retreat.

The starry heavens, the waves of the ocean, the azure sky, the falling dew, and the autumnal leaves, are beautifully arranged to the imagination, so as to excite the finest feelings of admiration.

This composition brings to my recollection a conversation with the noble author, relative to the pronunciation of his name. His lordship's family have differed; some calling it By'-ron, others Byr'-on. On his entering the room while this was the subject of conversation, his own pronunciation was asked. He replied, somewhat indifferently, "Both were right:" but catching the eye of a very beautiful young lady near him, he said, "Pray, madam, may I be allowed to ask which you prefer?" "Oh, By'-ron, certainly." "Then, henceforward," exclaimed his lordship, "By'-ron it shall be."

If the foregoing anecdote is illustrative of his lordship's attention to the fair sex, the following one is perhaps not less characteristic of the poetical feeling which usually accompanied his complimentary effusions of gallantry. At a party where his lordship was present, a reference to those elegant lines, commencing with "If that High World," had given rise to a speculative argument on the probable nature of happiness in a future state, and occasioned a desire in one of the ladies to ascertain his lordship's opinion on the subject; requesting, therefore, to know what might constitute, in his idea, the happiness of the next world, he quickly replied, "The pleasure, madam, of seeing you there."

OH! WEEP FOR THOSE.

Oh! weep for those that wept by Babel's stream,
Whose shrines are desolate, whose land a dream;
Weep for the harp of Judah's broken shell,
Mourn, where their God hath dwelt, the Godless dwell!

And where shall Israel lave her bleeding feet?
And when shall Zion's songs again seem sweet?
And Judah's melody once more rejoice
The hearts that leap'd before its heavenly voice?

Tribes of the wandering foot and weary breast!
How shall ye flee away and be at rest?
The wild-dove hath her nest, the fox his cave,
Mankind their Country, Israel but the grave.

The desolate state of the Jewish nation is here mournfully depicted as exiles in a foreign land, but still remembering Zion. They are here placed in a mournful group by the streams of Babel, lamenting the land they had lost, now possessed by the profligate and ungodly: the song once heard in that land, now sunk to sad silence, and the hearts which were wont to rejoice, expressed the bitterness of anguish.

Every thing in nature is here considered superior to and more happy than Israel: the birds have nests, the foxes have holes, mankind in general possessed their country, and concludes that there is no rest for the children of Judah but in the silent grave.

"Israel but the grave." Throughout the composition of these melodies, it will be observed by the attentive reader, that Lord Byron has exhibited a peculiar feeling of commiseration towards the Jews. He was entirely free from the prevalent prejudices against that unhappy and oppressed race of men. On this subject, he has frequently remarked, that he deemed the existence of the Jews, as a distinct race of men, the most wonderful instance of the ill effects of persecution. Had they been kindly, or even honestly, dealt by in the early ages of their dispersion, they might, in his lordship's opinion, have amalgamated with society, in the same manner as all other sects and parties have done.

That a period of about 1800 years should have elapsed, and that these people should still preserve their religion, their laws, and their customs, in defiance of ecclesiastical and civil oppression, does indeed seem astonishing; but less so, when the effect of his lordship's observation is sufficiently understood. On one occasion he remarked, "unfortunate men, surrounded by enemies, among whom they are compelled to live; oppressed, scorned, and outcast: condemned as criminal, because they cannot succumb to their oppressors, nor see the justice of that religion which is perverted to their injury." The last line of these stanzas he sometimes repeated with a feeling of melancholy sincerity.

This liberality of sentiment of Lord Byron was not confined to the Jews alone, but his lordship often regretted the truly distressed state of Ireland: "two-thirds of that unhappy country," he observed, "had laboured for ages to obtain that liberty which was only extended to one-third part of its population, and he hoped a time would arrive, when religious distinctions in political matters would not prove a barrier to preferment in that country: till which period, Ireland would never cordially coalesce with Great Britain, but continue, as it had been, the scene of bloodshed, anarchy, and confusion."

Weep for these

The Poetry by Lord Byron.

The Music by S. Nathan.

VOCK

LARGO
CON
ESPRESSIVO

The first system of music features a vocal line on a single staff and a piano accompaniment on two staves. The tempo and performance instructions are 'LARGO CON ESPRESSIVO'. The key signature has one sharp (F#) and the time signature is common time (C). The piano part begins with a series of chords and moving lines in both hands.

The second system continues the musical piece. The vocal line has a few notes, followed by a rest and then the word 'Oh' written above the staff. The piano accompaniment continues with similar harmonic and melodic patterns.

weep for those that wept by Babel's stream, Whose

The third system contains the lyrics 'weep for those that wept by Babel's stream, Whose'. The vocal line is written below the lyrics. The piano accompaniment continues to support the vocal melody.

shrines are de...so...late, whose land a dream

Weep for the harp of Judah's broken shell

Mourn where their God hath dwelt the God...less dwell! And

where shall Israel lave her bleeding feet And

where shall Zion's songs again seem sweet And

Judah's melody once more rejoice The

hearts that leapt before its heavenly voice?

Tribes of the wandering foot and weary breast

How shall ye flee a....way and be at rest? The wild

dove hath her' nest. the fox his cave. Man....

.....kind their coun...try. Israel but the

grave.

Weep for those

Arranged for Voices

By L. Nathan

LARGO
CON
ESPRESSIVO

Piano accompaniment for the first system, showing treble and bass staves with musical notation.

SOPRANO

Soprano vocal line with musical notation and lyrics: "Oh weep, for those that"

COUNTER TENOR
OR
MEZZO-SOPRANO

Counter Tenor or Mezzo-Soprano vocal line with musical notation and lyrics: "Oh weep..... for those that"

TENOR

Tenor vocal line with musical notation and lyrics: "Oh weep for those for those that"

BASS

Bass vocal line with musical notation and lyrics: "Oh weep..... for those that"

PIANO
FORTE

Piano accompaniment for the second system, showing treble and bass staves with musical notation.

wept by Babel's stream, Whose shrines are desolate, whose land a dream

wept by Babel's stream, Whose shrines are desolate, whose land a dream

wept by Babel's stream, Whose shrines are desolate, whose land a dream

wept by Babel's stream, Whose shrines are desolate, whose land a dream.

Weep for the harp of judah's broken shell Mourn where their

Weep for the harp of ju.....dah's broken shell Mourn where their

Weep for the harp the harp of ju.....dah's broken shell Mourn where their

Weep for the harp of ju.....dah's broken shell Mourn where their

God hath dwelt the God...less dwell: And where shall Is...rael

God hath dwelt the God...less dwell: And where shall Is...rael

God hath dwelt the God...less dwell: And where shall Is...rael

God hath dwelt the Godless dwell: And whereshall Israel lave her

lave her bleeding feet And where... shall Zi...ons song again seem

lave her bleeding feet And where shall Zi..... ons song again seem

lave her bleeding feet And whereshall Zi.....ons: song seem

bleed...ing feet And whereshall Zions song a...gain seem

sweet And judah's melody... once more re...joice The
 sweet seem sweet And ju...dah's melody... once more re...joice The
 sweet seem sweet And ju...dah's melody... once more re...joice
 sweet And judah's melody... once more re...joice

hearts that leapt before its heav'nly voice,
 hearts that leapt before its heav'nly voice,
 the hearts that leapt before its heav'nly voice.
 The hearts that leapt be fore... its heav'nly voice,

P Tribes of the wandering foot and weary breast, How shall ye
P Tribes of the wandering foot and weary breast, How shall ye
P Tribes of the wandering foot and weary breast, How shall ye
 Tribes of the wandering foot How shall ye

Piano
 flee a way and be at rest The wild dove hath her nest the
 flee a way and be at rest The wild dove hath her nest the
 flee a way and be at rest the
 flee a way and be at rest The wild dove hath her nest the

fox his cave Mankind..... their country Israel...

fox his cave Mankind..... their country Israel...

fox his cave Mankind their country Israel...

fox his cave Mankind their country Israel...

The first system consists of four staves. The top two staves are vocal lines with lyrics. The bottom two staves are piano accompaniment. The lyrics are: "fox his cave Mankind..... their country Israel...".

but the grave

but the grave

but the grave

but the grave

The second system consists of six staves. The top four staves are vocal lines with lyrics. The bottom two staves are piano accompaniment. The lyrics are: "but the grave".

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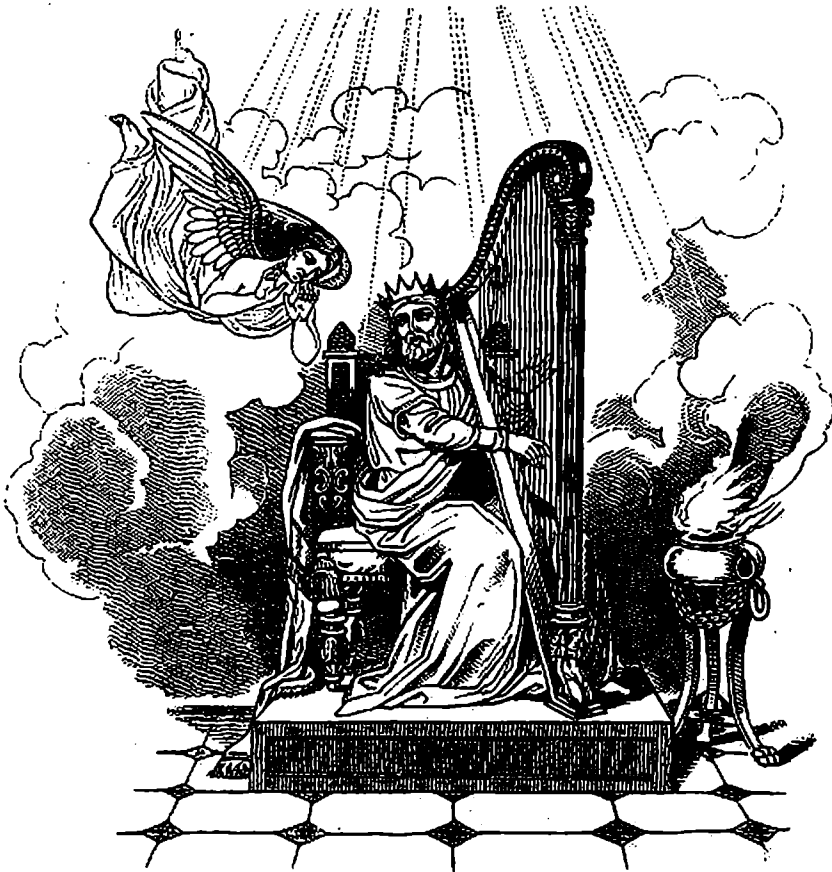
BY

I. NATHAN.

The Poetry written expressly for the Composer

BY

LORD BYRON.



The harp the monarch minstrel swept,
The King of men, the loved of Heaven,
Which music hallow'd while she wept,
O'er tones her heart of hearts had giv'n,
Redoubled by her tears—its chords are riv'n!

Lord Byron. See page 97.

Entered at Stationers' Hall.

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Number XL.

In Jordan's banks.

Ent. Stu. Holl.

Price 2/

Poet, Lord Byron.

Composer, J. Nathan.

London, Fuller's, 7, Old Broad Street.

ANIMATO.

The piano introduction consists of two staves. The right hand plays a series of chords and eighth notes in a descending pattern, while the left hand plays a steady eighth-note accompaniment. The key signature is two flats (B-flat and E-flat) and the time signature is common time (C).

The first system of the vocal and piano accompaniment. The vocal line is on a single staff with a treble clef, and the piano accompaniment is on two staves (treble and bass clefs). The lyrics are: "On Jor-dans banks the A-rabs Cam-els stray on".

The second system of the vocal and piano accompaniment. The vocal line continues with the lyrics: "Sion's hill the false one's vo-taries pray". The piano accompaniment continues with a similar rhythmic pattern.

The Ba - al a - do - rer bows on Sin - ais steep

yet there e - ven there Oh God thy thunders sleep

a tempo primo. There where thy

. fingers scorcht the tablet stone There where thy shadow....

to thy people shone Thy Glo- - - ry shrouded

in its garb of fire thy self none living

ad lib.
see and not Expire!

Oh! in the light-ning let thy glance appear

sweep from his shiver'd hand th' op - press - or the op - pressors' spear

How long by Tyrants... shall thy land be trod

How long Temple wor - ship - less, Oh God!

slow *slower*

On Jordan's banks.

Harmonized for 4 Voices.

Ent. Sta. Hall.

Price 2/-

Poet, Lord Byron.

Composer, J. Nathan.

London, Falkner, 3, Old Bond Street.

ANIMATO

1st SOPRANO.
On Jor - dans banks the Ar - abs Cam - els stray On.

1st TENOR or 2nd SOPRANO.
On Jor - dans banks the Ar - abs Cam - els stray On

2nd TENOR.
On Jor - dans banks the Ar - abs Cam - els stray On

BASS.
On Jor - dans banks the Ar - abs Cam - els stray On

PIANO.
FORTE.

Sions hill the false ones votaries pray The Baal a

Sions hill the false ones votaries pray The Baal a

Sions hill the false ones votaries pray The Baal a

Sions hill the false ones votaries pray The Baal a

Slow.

dorer bows on Si...nais steep yet there even there Oh God thy

dorer bows on Si.nais steep yet there even there thy

dorer bows on Si...nais steep yet there even there Oh God thy

dorer bows on Sinais steep on Sinais steep on Sinais steep yet there even there Oh

people shone Thy glory shrouded in its garb of fire

people shone Thy glory shrouded in its garb of fire

people shone Thy glory shrouded in its garb of fire

people shone Thy glory shrouded in its garb of fire its garb of

Slow. Slower.

Thyself none living see and not expire

Thyself none living and not expire

Thyself none living see and not expire

fire its garb of fire thyself none living see and not expire

Slow Slower a tempo primo

Oh! in the light..ning let thy

Oh! in the light..ning let thy

Oh! in the light..ning let thy

Oh! in the light..ning let thy

8va.....loc

glance appear! sweep from his shiver'd hand th'oppressor th' oppressors spear!

glance appear! sweep from his shiver'd hand th'oppressor th' oppressors spear!

glance appear! sweep from his shiver'd hand th'oppressor th' oppressors spear!

glance appear! sweep from his shiver'd hand th'oppressor th' oppressors spear!

ff

How long by Tyrants shall thy land be trod How long thy

How long by Tyrants shall thy land be trod How long thy

How long by Tyrants shall thy land be trod How long thy

How long by Tyrants shall thy land be trod thyland be trod thyland be

Slow. Slower.

Temple wor...ship..less! Oh God!

Temple Oh God!

Temple wor...ship..less! Oh God!

trod How long thy temple worshipless. Oh God!

Slow Slower a tempo primo

ON JORDAN'S BANKS.

ON Jordan's banks the Arabs' camels stray,
 On Sion's hill the false one's votaries pray,
 The Baal adorer bows on Sinai's steep,
 Yet there, even there, Oh God! thy thunders sleep.

There, where thy finger scorch'd the tablet stone!
 There, where thy shadow to thy people shone!
 Thy glory shrouded in its garb of fire!
 Thyself, none living see and not expire!

Oh! in the lightning let thy glance appear!
 Sweep from his shiver'd hand the oppressor's spear!
 How long by tyrants shall thy land be trod?
 How long thy temple worshipless? oh God!

The banks of Jordan, and the passage of that river, made a forcible and lasting impression on the children of Israel on their leaving Egypt for the promised land; and to find that devoted spot in the hands of infidels excites all the pangs of remorse at its recollection; and it is here a source of sorrow and lamentation that the camels of the Arab should stray near the banks of that river. The worshippers of Baal are also looked upon with abhorrence, as if polluters of the holy mount.

The thunder of God, and the sublime manner in which the Commandments were delivered to Moses, is no less appreciated; the garb of fire, symbolical of the supreme grandeur, is presented to the eye of the understanding, arrayed in all the dignity of supernatural worth, impossible to be seen by frail, transient, and dependent beings.

The conclusion is truly sublime, invoking the divine vengeance on the intruders upon those sacred places, and trusting to the justice of God in driving the tyrannical infidel from the temples and sacred places of the Jews.

"Yet there, even there." Lord Byron here observed, that he had only followed the style of all the orthodox, in supplicating the Supreme Power to the guardianship of the Holy Land; he frequently expressed his desire of seeing the spot which was the theatre of the most important acts that ever influenced the interests of mankind. "A prophet has no honor in his own country," said he, "for *there, even there* can be found no trace of times gone by; even there exists the wildness of superstition."

"How long by tyrants," &c. On these lines he remarked that it seemed as though an irrevocable malediction had been passed on the enslaved regions of Judah; yet, had the crusades been now projected, he knew not that he would be able to refrain from joining in an effort which, though perverted, was in itself calculated to enlighten the wretched slaves of the East. His lordship's subsequent conduct, in joining the standard of independence in Greece, has sufficiently evinced the ardent love of liberty which influenced all his actions.

OH, SNATCH'D AWAY IN BEAUTY'S BLOOM.

Oh, snatch'd away in beauty's bloom!
 On thee shall press no ponderous tomb,
 But on thy turf shall roses rear
 Their leaves, the earliest of the year,
 And the wild cypress wave in tender gloom.

And oft by yon blue gushing stream,
 Shall sorrow lean her drooping head,
 And feed deep thought with many a dream,
 And lingering pause, and lightly tread,
 Fond wretch! as if her step disturb'd the dead.

Away, we know that tears are vain,
 That death nor heeds nor hears distress:
 Will this unteach us to complain?
 Or make one mourner weep the less?
 And thou, who tell'st me to forget,
 Thy looks are wan; thine eyes are wet.

Any critical remarks on the exquisite beauty of these lines would be superfluous: it is not known to whom they refer. In submitting the melody to his lordship's judgment, I once inquired in what manner they might refer to any scriptural subject: he appeared for a moment affected; at last replied, "Every mind must make its own reference: there is scarcely one of us who could not imagine that the affliction belongs to himself, to me it certainly belongs." His lordship here, with agitation, exclaimed, "She is no more, and perhaps the only vestige of her existence is the feeling I sometimes fondly indulge."

Oh snatch'd away in beauty's bloom.

Ent. Sta. Hall.

Price 2/-

The Poetry by Lord Byron.

The Music by J. Nathan.

London, Falkner, 3, Old Bond Street.

LARGHETTO
ESPRESSIVO.

The first system of music consists of two staves. The upper staff is in treble clef and the lower staff is in bass clef. The music is written in a 6/8 time signature and begins with a key signature of one sharp (F#). The tempo and mood are indicated as 'LARGHETTO' and 'ESPRESSIVO'.

The second system continues the piano accompaniment from the first system, maintaining the same musical notation and structure.

The third system introduces the vocal line. The upper staff contains the vocal melody, and the lower staff continues the piano accompaniment. The lyrics 'Oh snatch'd a way in' are written below the vocal staff.

The fourth system continues the vocal line and piano accompaniment. The lyrics 'beauty's bloom, On thee shall press no pond'rous tomb, But' are written below the vocal staff.

on thy turf shall roses rear, Their leaves the earliest of the year, And the

wild cy...press wave..... in ten...der ten...der gloom,

And the wild cypress wave

..... in ten...der ten...der gloom.

And oft by yon blue gush...ing stream, Shall sor.....row

lean her droop...ing head, And feed deep thought with

ma...ny a dream, And ling'...ring pause and light.....ly

tread, And oft by yon blue gush...ing stream, Shall

sor...row lean her droop...ing head, And feed deep

thought with ma...ny a dream, And ling...ring pause and

tr light...ly tread, *ad lib:* Fond wretch as if her step dis...turb'd the

with expression. dead, as if her step dis...turb'd the dead. *h* *p* *A*

ALLEGRETTO.

...way we know that tears are vain, That death nor heeds nor

hears dis...tress, Will this un...teach us to complain? Or

make one mourner weep the less? And thou who tell'st me

to for...get, Thy looks are wan, thine eyes are wet. And

thou who tell'st me to for..... get, Thy looks are wan, thine

eyes are wet. **LARGHETTO.** *ritard.* *h*

The Harp the Monarch minstrel, &c.

Ent. Sta. Hall.

Price 2/

The Poetry by Lord Byron.

London, Falkner, 5, Old Bond Street.

The Music by F. Nathan.

ANDANTE
MAESTOSO.

The harp..... the harp the mon..... arch

min...strel swept, the King of men the loyd of heavn. which music hallow'd

while she wept, o'er tones her heart of hearts had giv'n *ff* re.....

...doubled be her tears its chords are riv'n. *f f f*

It softend men it soft.....end men of I. row mould It

gave..... them vir...tues not their own no

ear so dull no soul so cold no soul so cold, that felt not

fird not..... to the tone till David's Lyre, till David's Lyre grew

mightier than his throne, till David's Lyre grew mightier Grew

mightier than his throne. *gva*

The first system of music features a vocal line on a treble clef staff and a piano accompaniment on a grand staff (treble and bass clefs). The key signature has two sharps (F# and C#). The lyrics "mightier than his throne." are written below the vocal line. The word "gva" is written above the piano accompaniment.

loco *Legato*

The second system continues the piano accompaniment. It includes the markings "loco" and "Legato".

It told... the triumphs of our King the

The third system features a vocal line and piano accompaniment. The lyrics "It told... the triumphs of our King the" are written below the vocal line. There are triplet markings (3) above the piano accompaniment.

tri...umphs of our King It wafted glo...ry to our God

The fourth system features a vocal line and piano accompaniment. The lyrics "tri...umphs of our King It wafted glo...ry to our God" are written below the vocal line.

It made our gladden'd vallies ring The Cedars bow the Mountains nod

Its sound aspir'd to heav'n and their a.....bode

Legato Since then though hear'd..... on Earth no

more De...vo.....tion and her Daugh...ter love still

hid the burst.....ing spi.....rit soar To sounds that

seem as..... from a...bove In dreams In dreams that days broad

light can..... not re...move that days broad light can.....

..... not re...move.

The Harp, the Monarch minstrel, sung.

Harmonized for Four Voices.

by J. Nathan.

ANDANTE
MAESTOSO.

Musical notation for the piano introduction, consisting of two staves in G major and common time. The tempo is marked 'ANDANTE' and 'MAESTOSO'. The music features a melodic line in the right hand and a harmonic accompaniment in the left hand, including a triplet of eighth notes.

Continuation of the piano accompaniment, showing the right and left hand parts with various rhythmic patterns and articulation marks.

Continuation of the piano accompaniment, ending with a 'Legato' marking over the final notes.

1st
SOPRANO.

Counter-Tenor
or 2d
SOPRANO.

TENOR.

BASS.

PIANO
FORTE

Vocal parts for Soprano, Counter-Tenor, Tenor, and Bass, along with the piano accompaniment. The lyrics are: "The harp..... the harp the the harp the the harp the monarch". The piano part includes dynamic markings 'PIANO' and 'FORTE'.

mon.....arch min.strel swept the King of men the lov'd of heav'n Which

mon.....arch min.strel swept the King of men the lov'd of heav'n Which

the monarch min.strel swept the King of men the lov'd of heav'n

minstrel swept the King of men the lov'd of heav'n Which

mu.....sic hallow'd while she wept o'er tones her heart of hearts had giv'n

mu.....sic hallow'd while she wept o'er tones her heart of hearts had giv'n

Which music hallow'd while she wept o'er tones her heart of hearts had giv'n

mu.....sic hallow'd while she wept o'er tones her heart of hearts had giv'n

re..doubled be her tears its chords are riv'n
 re..doubled be her tears its chords are riv'n its chords are
 re..doubled be her tears its chords are riv'n its chords are
 re..doubled be her tears its chords are riv'n its chords are

ff *f* *f* *f*

It softend men it soft.....end men of Iron
 riv'n It soft.....end men of Iron
 riv'n It softend men of Iron
 riv'n Its chords are riv'n It softend men of Iron

mould It gave..... them vir...tues not their

mould It gave them vir...tues not their

mould It gave them vir...tues vir.....tues not their

mould It gave them vir...tues not their own.....

Detailed description: This system contains four vocal staves and two piano accompaniment staves. The key signature is two sharps (F# and C#) and the time signature is 6/8. The lyrics are: 'mould It gave..... them vir...tues not their' (top staff), 'mould It gave them vir...tues not their' (second staff), 'mould It gave them vir...tues vir.....tues not their' (third staff), and 'mould It gave them vir...tues not their own.....' (fourth staff). The piano accompaniment consists of a right-hand treble clef staff and a left-hand bass clef staff.

own no ear so dull no soul so cold no soul so

own no ear so dull no soul so cold no soul so

own no ear so dull no soul so cold no soul so

..... no ear so dull no soul so cold no soul so

Detailed description: This system contains four vocal staves and two piano accompaniment staves. The key signature is two sharps (F# and C#) and the time signature is 6/8. The lyrics are: 'own no ear so dull no soul so cold no soul so' (top staff), 'own no ear so dull no soul so cold no soul so' (second staff), 'own no ear so dull no soul so cold no soul so' (third staff), and '..... no ear so dull no soul so cold no soul so' (fourth staff). The piano accompaniment consists of a right-hand treble clef staff and a left-hand bass clef staff. There are triplets and slurs in the vocal lines.

cold that felt not fir'd not... to the tone till
 cold no soul that felt not fir'd not..... to the tone till David's
 cold that felt not fir'd not to the tone..... till David's
 cold that felt not fir'd not to the tone..... till David's

David's Lyre till David's Lyre grew mightier than his throne till
 Lyre till David's Lyre grew mightier than his throne till
 Lyre till David's Lyre grew mightier than his throne till
 Lyre till David's Lyre grew mightier than his throne till

David's Lyre grew mightier grew mightier than his throne

David's Lyre grew mightier grew mightier than his throne

David's Lyre grew mightier grew mightier than his throne

David's Lyre grew mightier grew mightier than his throne *gva*

The first system of the musical score consists of four vocal staves and a piano accompaniment. Each vocal staff contains the lyrics "David's Lyre grew mightier grew mightier than his throne". The piano accompaniment is written in a grand staff (treble and bass clefs) with a key signature of two sharps (F# and C#) and a 3/4 time signature. The lyrics are aligned with the vocal lines, and the piano part provides harmonic support.

loco

Legato

The second system of the musical score features four empty vocal staves and a piano accompaniment. The piano part continues from the first system. The lyrics "loco" and "Legato" are placed above the piano staff, indicating performance instructions. The key signature and time signature remain consistent with the first system.

THE HARP THE MONARCH MINSTREL SWEPT.

THE harp the monarch minstrel swept,
 The king of men, the loved of Heav'n,
 Which Music hallow'd while she wept
 O'er tones her heart of hearts had given,
 Redoubled be her tears, its chords are riven !
 It soften'd men of iron mould,
 It gave them virtues not their own;
 No ear so dull, no soul so cold,
 That felt not, fired not to the tone,
 Till David's lyre grew mightier than his throne !

 It told the triumphs of our king,
 It waded glory to our God :
 It made our gladdened vallies ring,
 The cedars bow, the mountains nod :
 Its sound aspired to Heaven, and there abode !
 Since then, though heard on earth no more,
 Devotion and her daughter Love,
 Still bid the bursting spirit soar
 To sounds that seem as from above,
 In dreams that day's broad light cannot remove.

The harp is an instrument of great antiquity, and was not considered derogatory to the kings and princes of Old Testament times. This was the favorite instrument of King David, and resorted to on all great and joyous occasions. The harp also was an instrument used in sacred matters, to rouse the mind to devotional gladness, and raise the soul from sublunary things to the throne of God himself.

David, in speaking of the powers of music, makes the cedars to bow, and the mountains figuratively moved by its influence, as being irresistible. This is not only a favorite theme of King David, but the powers of music and its general influence have been duly appreciated by every age and nation.

The rapidity with which Lord Byron wrote must be sufficiently obvious from the number of his works, the best of which were generally the most hastily composed. The words of this melody have been greatly and deservedly admired; yet the circumstances that attended the composition of the latter lines may be interesting. When his lordship put the copy into my hand, it terminated thus—

“Its sound aspired to Heaven, and there abode.”

This, however, did not complete the verso, and I wished him to help out the melody. He replied, “Why I have sent you to Heaven, it would be difficult to go farther.” My attention for a few moments was called to some other person, and his lordship, whom I had hardly missed, exclaimed, “Here, Nathan, I have brought you down again,” and immediately presented me the beautiful and sublime lines which conclude the melody.

I SAW THEE WEEP.

I SAW thee weep, the big bright tear
 Came o'er that eye of blue;
 And then methought it did appear
 A violet dropping dew:
 I saw thee smile, the sapphire's blaze
 Beside thee ceased to shine;
 It could not match the living rays
 That fill'd each glance of thine.

As clouds from yonder sun receive
 A deep and mellow dye,
 Which scarce the shade of coming eve
 Can banish from the sky;
 Those smiles unto the moodiest mind
 Their own pure joy impart;
 Their sunshine leaves a glow behind
 That lightens o'er the heart.

In this amatory effusion there is a fine distinction between opposite feelings, the tear of female beauty beclouding the serene bliss of happy repose; whilst, on the other hand, the smile blazes through the encumbered atmosphere, and buries in oblivion all the traces of former sorrow, imparting reciprocally the joys of a terrestrial paradise.

Lord Byron often made a dissertation on the organ of sight, always eulogizing the characteristic expression of the eye: "in that organ," his lordship frequently observed, "are developed the inward feelings of the heart, and I put more faith in the language thus tacitly expressed, than all the fallacious rules of Lavater, Gall, or Spurzheim."

I saw thee weep.

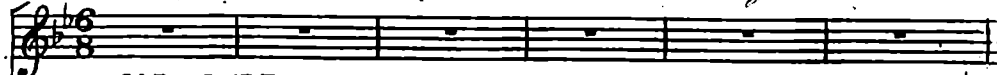
Ed. Str. Hall.


Price 2/


The Poem by Lord Byron.

London, Falkner, 3, Old Bond Street

The Music by J. Nathan.

VOCE. 

PIANO. 

FORTE. 

ANDANTE.



saw thee weep the big bright tear, Came o'er that eye of blue; And



then me thought it did ap...pear A vis...let dropping dew; A

vis...let dropping dew; I saw thee smile.....

I saw thee smile the sapphire's blaze..... Be....

.....side thee ceased to shine; It could not match the liv...ing rays That

fill'd each glance of thine. That fill'd each glance of thine.... It

could not match the liv...ing rays That fill'd each glance of thine.

Faster with animation

As clouds from yon..der sun re...

..... ceive A deep and mel..low dye, Which scarce the shade of com..ing eve Can

banish banish banish Can ban...ish from the sky; Those

smiles unto the moodiest mind Their own pure joy impart; Their

sunshine leaves a glow behind That lightens o'er the heart. That

ligh.....tens o'er the heart, o'er the heart, o'er the heart;

that lightens oer the heart, that ligh.....tens ligh.....tens

ligh.tens oer the heart's Their sun.shine leaves a glo be.hind that

lightens oer the hearts that ligh.tens oer the heart.

My Soul is dark

Ent. Sta. Hall.

Price 2/6

The Poetry by Lord Byron.

The Music by J. Nathan.

London, Faulkner, 3, Old Bond Street.

LARGHETTO

MAESTOSO.

ff p

f p

Faster *a tempo primo.*

My soul is dark, Oh! quick.....ly string The harp I

Faster *a tempo primo.*

yet can brook..... to hear: And let thy gen.....tle

gen.....tle fin...gers fling Its melt...ing mur....murs oer..... mine

ear. If in this heart a hope.... be dear, That sound shall charm.

..... it forth a.....gain If in these eyes..... there

lurk..... a tear 'Twill flow, 'twill flow and cease to burn my brain, And

with animation.

Piano.

cease to burn my brain. But

The first system of music consists of a vocal line on a single staff and a piano accompaniment on two staves. The vocal line begins with the lyrics 'cease to burn my brain.' and ends with 'But'. The piano accompaniment features a steady rhythmic pattern with chords and moving lines in both hands.

bid the strain be wild and deep Nor let thy notes of

The second system continues the vocal line with the lyrics 'bid the strain be wild and deep Nor let thy notes of'. The piano accompaniment continues with similar harmonic and rhythmic elements, providing a supportive background for the vocal melody.

joy..... be first I tell the Min..... strel! I..... must

The third system features the vocal line with lyrics 'joy..... be first I tell the Min..... strel! I..... must'. The piano accompaniment includes a dynamic marking of *hd* (fortissimo) and continues to support the vocal melody with rich harmonic textures.

weep, Or else this heavy heart this heavy heart will burst For

The fourth system concludes the vocal line with the lyrics 'weep, Or else this heavy heart this heavy heart will burst For'. The piano accompaniment provides a final harmonic resolution to the piece.

it hath been by sor.....row nurst, And ach'd in sleep....less

sleep.....less si.....lence long; And now 'tis doomd 'tis

doomd to know the worst, And break and break at once, or yield or yield to

song or yield to song.

MY SOUL IS DARK.

My soul is dark, Oh! quickly string
 The harp, I yet can brook to hear,
 And let thy gentle fingers fling
 Its melting murmurs o'er mine ear.
 If in this heart a hope be dear,
 That sound shall charm it forth again,
 If in these eyes there lurk a tear,
 'Twill flow, and cease to burn my brain.

But bid the strain be wild and deep,
 Nor let thy notes of joy be first,
 I tell thee, Minstrel! I must weep,
 Or else, this heavy heart will burst,
 For it hath been by sorrow nursed,
 And ached in sleepless silence long,
 And now 'tis doom'd to know the worst,
 And break at once, or yield to song.

The darkness of the soul is a phrase not thoroughly explained, but it was no doubt a transient melancholy which absorbed the rational faculties, and rendered the individual over whom it had influence, exceedingly wretched.

When the evil spirit of the Lord came upon Saul, he had recourse to the charms of music for the removal of the malady, and Lord Byron in this melody paints the effects of music as producing a species of joy emerging from melancholy.

The mind is led to contemplate the utmost pangs of grief, gradually accumulating, till the mortal frame can sustain its load no longer, when it bursts forth in a torrent of tears, which relieves the unhappy sufferer.

It was generally conceived, that Lord Byron's reported singularities approached on some occasions to derangement; and at one period, indeed, it was very currently asserted, that his intellects were actually impaired. The report only served to amuse his lordship. He referred to the circumstance, and declared that he could not see how a madman could write, sending the pen with eagerness, not for a moment, fixed his eyes to majestic wildness on vacancy; when, like a flash of inspiration, without erasing a single word, the above verses were the result, which he put into my possession with this remark: "If I am mad who write, be certain that you are so who compose!" There were occasions, nevertheless, on which his lordship seemed grieved at the misrepresentations that were made of him: they were, however, transitory, and became afterwards the subject of his jocular and wit.

THY DAYS ARE DONE.

MY SOUL IS DARK

Thy days are done, thy fame begun;
 Thy country's strains record
 The triumphs of her chosen son,
 The slaughters of his sword;
 The deeds he did; the fields he won,
 The freedom he restored;
 Though thou art fall'n while we are free,
 Thou shalt not taste of death;
 The generous blood that flow'd from thee,
 Disdain'd to sink beneath
 Within our veins its currents be,
 Thy spirit on our breath!

Thy name, our charging hosts along,
 Shall be the battle word!
 Thy fall, the theme of choral song,
 From virgin voices pour'd!
 To weep would do thy glory wrong,
 Thou shalt not be deplor'd.

Lord Byron, in this melody, has some reference to a fallen warrior, whose deeds remain a monument to his memory; and though dead to the world, he still leaves a lasting impression on the minds of the living.

This brings forcibly to my recollection a conversation with Lord Byron, to which the above verses gave rise.

His lordship touched upon the merits of the different warriors of Greece and Rome with much warmth, Hannibal, Cæsar, Alexander the Great, and even those of the Old Testament times; but at last dilated on the comparative merits of Buonaparte. "Had Napoleon," said his lordship, "been less ambitious, he was no doubt firmly seated on the throne, and would have been one of the greatest men of the age." I remarked that there were various opinions as to his conduct in Waterloo; some stigmatising him as a coward in leaving the field, others hailing it as a clear specimen of cool intrepidity: the former, my lord, seems, from your late poem, to have been your lordship's opinion."

Lord Byron remarked, that "had Napoleon died in the field at Waterloo, his end would have been more in unison with his former intrepid career." I submitted that, in taking into consideration the ambition of Napoleon, his future views on a succeeding life might have been the possibility of being one day restored to the throne of France; and of securing to his son a lineal succession.

"Nathan," returned his lordship, "you seem anxious to support the credit of a great man; but I must repeat that Napoleon would have ranked higher in future history, had he ever, like your venerable ancestor Saul, on mount Gilboa, or like a second Cato, fallen on his sword, and finished his mortal career at Waterloo."

His lordship here gave me a significant look as if reading my abhorrence of any thing like self-destruction, and said, "bear in mind, Nathan, that I do not by this remark wish by any means to become the patron of suicide."

They Days are done

Exc. Sta. Hall.

Price 2/

The Poets by Lord Byron.

The Music by L. Nathan.

London, Pall Mall, 3, Old Bond Street.

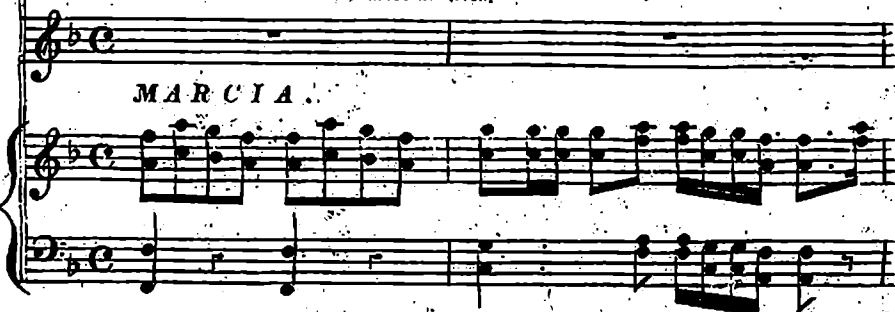
VOCE.



PIANO.

FORTE.

MAR CIA.



The first system of music features a vocal line on a single staff with a treble clef and a common time signature. Below it is a grand staff for piano accompaniment, consisting of a treble and bass clef. The piano part includes a variety of rhythmic patterns and chordal textures.



The second system continues the musical piece. The vocal line shows more melodic development, and the piano accompaniment features more complex rhythmic figures and chordal structures.



The third system concludes the piece. The vocal line ends with a final note, and the piano accompaniment features some sixteenth-note passages and chordal textures.

The first system of music consists of a treble clef staff at the top, which is mostly empty. Below it is a grand staff (treble and bass clefs) containing a piano accompaniment. The right hand features several triplet figures, while the left hand provides a steady bass line.

The second system continues the piano accompaniment from the first system, maintaining the same musical texture and rhythmic patterns.

The third system introduces a vocal line in the treble clef staff. The lyrics are: "Thy days are done, thy fame be...gun, Thy". The piano accompaniment continues in the grand staff below.

The fourth system continues the vocal line and piano accompaniment. The lyrics are: "Coun...try's strains..... re...cord, The Triumphs of her Chosen Son, The".

slaugh.....ters of his sword, The deeds he did, the fields he won, the

free...dom he re...stor'd. The free...dom he re...stor'd, The

free...dom he re...stor'd. The free...dom he restor'd, *a tempo* Though

thou art, fall'n while we are free, Thou shalt not taste of death,

a tempo

Thou shalt not taste of death, The gen'rous blood that

flow'd from thee, dis...dain'd dis...dain'd to sink be...neath, The

gen'rous blood that flow'd from thee, dis...dain'd to sink be...

...neath, With...in our veins its cur...rents be thy

spi...rit on our breath, Thy Name our Charg...ing

hosts a...long shall be the Bat...tle word... shall

be the Bat...tle word, the Bat...tle word. Thy fall the theme of

Cho...ral Song, From vir...gin voi...ces pour'd... To

weep would do thy Glo..ry wrong. Thou shalt not be de....

...plord, thou shalt not shalt not be de.....plor'd.

Instrumental accompaniment for the third system.

Instrumental accompaniment for the fourth system.

Thy Days are done

(Harmonized for four voices)

By S. Nathan.

MARCA

The musical score is written for piano and consists of four systems of two staves each (treble and bass clef). The key signature is one flat (B-flat major or D minor), and the time signature is common time (C). The first system is marked 'MARCA' and features a steady eighth-note accompaniment in the right hand and a bass line in the left hand. The second system continues the accompaniment with some triplet markings. The third system features more complex rhythmic patterns, including sixteenth-note runs and triplets. The fourth system concludes the piece with similar rhythmic patterns and triplet markings.

SOPRANO:

Counter Tenor
of 2d
SOPRANO:

TENOR.

BASS.

PIANO
FORTE.

Thy days are done, thy fame begun, Thy

Thy days are done, thy fame begun, Thy

Thy days are done, thy fame begun, Thy

coun...try's strains re...cord, The tri...umphs of her cho...sen Son, The

The tri...umphs of her cho...sen Son, The

coun...try's strains re...cord, The tri...umphs of her cho...sen Son, The

coun...try's strains re...cord, The tri...umphs of her cho...sen Son, The

slaugh.....ters of his sword, The deeds he did, the fields he won, The
 slaugh.....ters of his sword, The deeds he did, the fields he won, The
 slaughters of his sword..... The
 slaughters of his sword..... The deeds he did, the fields he won, The

ff

freedom he restor'd, The freedom he re..stor'd, The freedom he re..stor'd.
 freedom he restor'd, The freedom he re..stor'd, The freedom he re..stor'd.
 freedom he restor'd, he re..stor'd, The freedom he re..stor'd.
 freedom he restor'd, he re..stor'd, The freedom he re..stor'd.

The freedom he re-stor'd, Though thou art fall'n while
 The freedom he re-stor'd, while
 Though thou art fall'n while
 Though thou art

we are free, Thou shalt not taste of death.
 we are free, Thou shalt not taste of death. The freedom
 we are free, Thou shalt not taste of death. The freedom
 fall'n while we are free, Thou shalt not taste of death.

The gen'rous blood that flow'd from thee, dis...
 he re...stor'd The gen'rous blood that flow'd from thee, dis...
 he re...stor'd

The gen'rous blood that flow'd from thee, dis...

...dain'd dis...dain'd to sink be...neath, The gen'rous blood that flow'd from thee, dis...
 ...dain'd dis...dain'd to sink The gen'rous blood that flow'd from thee, dis...
 dis...dain'd to sink be...neath, The gen'rous blood that flow'd from thee, dis...
 ...dain'd dis...dain'd to sink be...neath, The gen'rous blood that flow'd from thee, dis...

...dained to sink beneath, Within our veins its cur...rents be thy

...dained to sink beneath, Within our veins its cur...rents be thy

...dained to sink beneath, Within our veins its cur...rents be thy

...dained to sink beneath, Within our veins its cur...rents be thy

spi...rit on our breath, Thy name our charging host a....long shall

spi...rit on our breath, Thy name our charging host a....long shall

spi...rit on our breath, Thy name our charging host a....long shall

spirit on our breath, Thy name our charging host a....long shall

be the battle word, shall be the battle word, the bat...tle

be the battle word, shall be the battle word, the bat...tle

be the battle word, shall be the battle word, the bat...tle

be the battle word, shall be the battle word, the bat...tle

pp
word. Thy fall the theme of choral song, from virgin voices pour'd, To

word. Thy fall the theme of choral song, from virgin voices pour'd, To

word. Thy fall the theme of choral song, from virgin voices pour'd, To

word. Thy fall the theme of choral song, from virgin voices pour'd, To

weep would do thy glo...ry wrong; Thou shalt not be de...plord, Thou
 weep... Thou shalt not be de...plord, Thou
 weep would do thy glo...ry wrong; Thou shalt not be de...plord, Thou
 weep would do thy glo...ry wrong; Thou shalt not be de...plord, Thou

shalt not shalt not be de...plord.
 shalt not be de...plord.
 shalt not shalt not be de...plord.
 shalt not shalt not be de...plord.

A Selection of
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ANCIENT AND MODERN

NEWLY ARRANGED, HARMONIZED, CORRECTED, AND REVISED
WITH APPROPRIATE SYMPHONIES AND ACCOMPANIMENTS

BY

I: Nathan

the Poets written expressly for the work

By

Lord Byron



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3rd Number.

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No. 4, Which is preparing for press, will complete the Hebrew Melodies.

Ed. Sta. Hall.
Poet, Lord Byron.

WARRIORS & CHIEFS.

Price 2 1/2
Composer, L. Nathan.

ARTIAL

f

Warriors and Chiefs! should the shaft or the sword Pierce me in leading the

host of the Lord Warriors and Chiefs should the shaft or the sword

Pierce me in leading the host of the Lord *espressivo.* Pierce me in leading the

host of the Lord. Heed not the corse tho' a Kings in your path: Bu_ry your steel in the

bo_soms of Gath Bu_ry your steel in the bosom of Gath Heed not the corse tho' a

Kings in your path Bu_ry your steel in the bo_soms of Gath.

Thou who art bear_ing my buck_ler and bow Should the sol diers of Saul look a_

way from the foe Thou who art bear_ing my buck=ler and bow should th

sol diers of Saul look a...way from the foe Stretch me that mo_ment in

blood at thy feet Stretch me that mo_ment in blood at thy feet

espressivo.

Mine be the doom which they dared not to meet Mine be the doom which they

dared not to meet Stretch me that moment in blood at thy feet

Mine be the doom which they dared not to meet

Fare

well to others, but never we part Heir to my royalty

Son of my heart Farewell to others but never we part

Heir to my royalty, Son of my heart Heir to my royalty

Son of my heart Bright as the diadem boundless the way Or

king-ly the death which a...waits us to day Or king-ly the death which a...

waits us to day Bright as the dia-dem, bound-less the sway, Or

King-ly the death which a...waits us to day

The musical score consists of four systems. Each system includes a vocal line and a piano accompaniment. The piano accompaniment is written in treble and bass clefs. The key signature has two sharps (F# and C#). The time signature is 3/4. The lyrics are printed below the vocal line of each system.

WARRIORS AND CHIEFS.

SAUL before his last Battle.

**WARRIORS and Chiefs! should the shaft or the sword,
 Pierce me in leading the host of the Lord,
 Heed not the corse, though a king's, in your path:
 Bury your steel in the bosoms of Gath!**

**Thou who art bearing my buckler and bow,
 Should the soldiers of Saul look away from the foe,
 Stretch me that moment in blood at thy feet!
 Mine be the doom which they dared not to meet.**

**Farewell to others, but never we part,
 Heir to my royalty, son of my heart!**

**Bright is the diadem, boundless the sway,
 Or kingly the death, which awaits us to-day!**

The circumstances which attended the accumulated miseries of Saul, seemed even to affect Lord Byron. Although the result of it was hailed by the Jewish governors, as most happy to the nation, and entirely consonant with the will of the Almighty; there could not, in a justly reflecting mind such as his Lordship's, but appear reason for respect even in condemnation.

It is indeed remarkable, that in whatever has fallen from his pen upon the subject of this unhappy monarch's fall, he appears to delight in giving him at least the honor which the portraiture of his character might claim. The foregoing stanzas cannot be passed unnoticed, as they gave rise to a remark of his Lordship, which is worthy of record: it was in substance as follows:

"That man is not to be utterly despised as a coward whom supernatural evils have worn down; nor is it difficult to account for the subsequent weakness of Saul, who was once gloriously surrounded by strength, power, and the approbation of his God, when we perceive that he had sunk from this, to a reliance on his own exertions even for safety. The confidence he possesses; the power he beholds, were all blighted ere he sunk to pusillanimity; in spite of which, I cannot but uphold him originally a brave and estimable man. That he cherished the man fated to destroy him, was more his misfortune than his fault."

In concordance with this opinion, it is necessary to observe, that the foregoing verses were written, and the line "heed not the corse, though a king's, in your path," speaks more than volumes could, from the pen of a puppy eulogist of the day.

WE SATE DOWN AND WEPT BY THE WATERS OF BABEL.

“By the Rivers of Babylon we sate down and wept.”

We sate down and wept by the waters
Of Babel, and thought of the day
When our foe, in the hue of his slaughters,
Made Salem's high places his prey;
And ye, oh her desolate daughters!
Were scattered all weeping away.

While sadly we gazed on the river
Which roll'd on in freedom below,
They demanded the song; but, oh never
That triumph the stranger shall know!
May this right hand be withered for ever,
Ere it string our high harp for the foe!

On the willow that harp is suspended,
Oh Salem! its sound should be free;
And the hour when thy glories were ended
But left me that token of thee:
And ne'er shall its soft tones be blended
With the voice of the spoiler by me!

“They demanded the song.”—The ancient celebrity of the Jews with regard to their musical powers, is strikingly set forth in this stanza; the words though different, have a close affinity to the original. The Jews, when carried captives to Babylon, and mourning the loss of their country and their holy mountain, were solicited by the Babylonians, who were well acquainted with their powers, to sing one of their songs of Zion, to which the captives replied, “How shall we sing the Lord's song in a strange land,” and with firmness reverted to the land they had left, saying, “If I forget thee, O Jerusalem, let my right hand forget her cunning.”

Lord Byron observed, in my singing this melody, “Why, Nathan, you enter spiritedly into the oriental feeling; recollect, however, that although you *captivate*, you are no *captive*; and with all due submission to the Babylonians, I think their levity was ill-timed in trying to extort mirth from sorrow.”

WE SAT DOWN & WEPT BY THE WATERS OF BABEL.

Ent. Sta. Hall.

Price 2.6

Poet, Lord Byron.

Composer, I. Nathan.

London, Fulkner, 5, Old Bond Street.

LA MEXTRIOLE
*PRESSI FO.

First system of the musical score. It features a piano (p) part on the right and a cello/bass (V. cello. Basso.) part on the left. The piano part begins with a dynamic marking of *p*. The cello/bass part begins with a dynamic marking of *f*. The music is in 4/4 time and the key signature has two flats.

Second system of the musical score. The piano part continues with a dynamic marking of *mf*. The cello/bass part continues with a dynamic marking of *f*. The music is in 4/4 time and the key signature has two flats.

Third system of the musical score. The piano part continues with a dynamic marking of *f*. The cello/bass part continues with a dynamic marking of *f*. The music is in 4/4 time and the key signature has two flats.

Vocal line with lyrics: "We sate down and wept by the waters of Ba...bel, And". The melody is in 4/4 time and the key signature has two flats.

Vocal line with lyrics: "We sate down and wept by the waters of Ba...bel, And". Below the vocal line is a piano accompaniment for the cello/bass part, starting with a dynamic marking of *p*. The music is in 4/4 time and the key signature has two flats.

thought of the day when our foe, in the hue of his slaughters, made Salem's high

thought of the day when our foe, in the hue of his slaughters, made Salem's high

Violini. Corni. Fagotti.

places his prey; And ye, oh her de-so-late daugh-

places his prey; And ye, oh her daugh-

Clar. Fagotti.

ters! Were scat-ter'd all weep-

ters! Were scat-ter'd all weep-

ing a way. While sad-ly we gaz'd on the ri-ver,

ing a way. While sad-ly we gaz'd on the ri-ver,

Cornf.

V.cello.

The river which roll'd on in free-dom be-low, They de-

The ri-ver which roll'd on in free-dom be-low, They demanded the

Fagotti.

Basso.

-man-ded the song; But, oh ne-ver That triumph the stran-ger shall

song- the song; But, oh ne-ver That triumph the stran-ger shall

Flute.

Fagotti.

Fagotti.

V.cello.

know! Oh never that triumph that triumph that triumph Oh never that
 know! Oh never that triumph that triumph that triumph Oh never that

Fagotti. Violini.

mf

Fagotti. Basso.

tri_ump_h the stran_ger shall know They de_manded the song_-----
 tri_ump_h the stran_ger shall know They de_manded the song_-----

Cres.

----- the song but oh never that
 ----- the song but oh never that

mf

tri-umph the stranger shall know *Risoluto.* May this right hand be
 tri-umph the stranger shall know May this right hand be wither'd for

Risoluto.

ad lib *a tempo primo.*
 wither'd for ever, Ere it string our high harp for the foe! On the
 e-ver, *ad lib.* Ere it string our high harp for the foe!

a tempo primo.

V. cello. Basso.

willow that harp is sus-pen-ded, Oh Sa--lem! its sound should be
 Oh Sa--lem! its sound should be

free; And the hour when thy glories were ended But

free; But

Basso.

left me that to-ken of thee: But left me that to-ken of thee: But left me that to-ken of thee: But left me that to-ken of thee:

ad lib.

ad lib.

ad lib.

V.cello.

Allegretto con anima.

ken of thee: And neer shall its soft tones be blended With the voice of the

ken of thee: And neer shall its soft tones be blended With the voice of the

Allegretto con anima.

Fagotti.

spoiler by me And neer shall its soft tones be

spoiler by me And neer shall its soft tones be

Flute

Flute

ad lib *tempo* *ad lib.*

blend ed be blended with the voice of the spoiler by me:

p

blend ed be blended with the voice of the spoiler by me.

tempo. *p*

mf *ad lib.*

mf *f* *f* *p*

V. cello. Basso.

HEROD'S LAMENT FOR MARIAMNE.

Est. Sta. Hall.

Emo 2/.

Poet, Lord Byron.

Composer, I. Nathan.

London, Fullmer, 3, Old Bond Street.

ADAGIO.

f p f p

Oh Ma_ri...am...ne!

now for thee The heart for which thou bledest is

bleeding; Re-venge is lost in a-----go-----ny, And wild re-

-morse to rage suc-ceed-ing. Oh, Mari-...anne! where

art thou? Thou canst not hear my bit--ter pleading: Ah! couldst thou--

thou wouldst par--don now, Tho' heaven were to my prayer un-

heed-ing. And is she dead? And did they

dare o-bey my phrenzy's jea-lous raving? My wrath but

doom'd my own despair; The sword that smote her is o'er me

waving. But thou art cold, My mur-der'd love! And

this dark heart is vainly craving For her who soars a-

lone a-bove, And leaves my soul un-worth-ty saving.

She's gone, who shad' my di-a-dem; She's

sunk, with her my joys en-tomb-ing: I swept that flow'r from

Ju.....dah's stem Whose leaves for me a lone were blooming. And

mine's the guilt, and mine, the hell, This bosom's deso...

la... tion dooming; And I have earn'd those tor... tures well, Which

un... con... sum'd are still con... sum... ing!

HEROD'S LAMENT FOR MARIAMNE.

Oh, Mariamne! now for thee
 The heart for which thou bledest is bleeding;
 Revenge is lost in agony,
 And wild remorse to rage succeeding.
 Oh, Mariamne! where art thou?
 Thou canst not hear my bitter pleading:
 Ah, could'st thou—thou would'st pardon now,
 Tho' Heaven were to my prayer unheeding.

 And is she dead?—and did they dare
 Obey my phrenzy's jealous raving?
 My wrath but doom'd my own despair:
 The sword that smote her's o'er me waving.—
 But thou art cold, my murdered love!
 And this dark heart is vainly craving
 For her who soars alone above,
 And leaves my soul unworthy saving.

 She's gone, who shared my diadem;
 She sunk, with her my joys entombing:
 I swept that flower from Judah's stem
 Whose leaves for me alone were blooming.
 And mine's the guilt, and mine the hell,
 This bosom's desolation dooming;
 And I have earn'd those tortures well,
 Which unconsumed are still consuming!

The agonies of grief are expressed in this melody with the full force of imagery so natural in Lord Byron's writings.

Herod is deeply touched with the pangs of remorse for the rash act he had committed; the sense of Mariamne's innocence stands arrayed before him in vivid colours, and calls forth those ravings of phrenzy which rendered his existence truly miserable; the pleasures of the past recoil upon his recollection, he curses his existence, and from this period all happiness is for ever banished from his breast.

Although the following anecdote may tell rather to my disadvantage, I cannot resist the impulse of committing to paper any point that may assist me in establishing the amiable qualities which Lord Byron really possessed, and more especially as this tends to shew his gentlemanly compliance, and readiness to make proper and just allowances for unconscious and unintentional offences.

At the time his Lordship was writing for me the poetry to these melodies, he felt anxious to facilitate my views in preserving as much as possible the original airs, for which purpose he would frequently consult me regarding the style and metre of his stanzas. I accordingly desired to be favored with so many lines, some pathetic, some playful, others martial, &c. One evening, when his Lordship was obligingly submitting to my wishes in that respect, I unfortunately (while absorbed for a moment in worldly affairs) requested so many *dull lines*—meaning *plaintive*. His Lordship, observing that I was wropt up in deep meditation, and understanding my real meaning, instantly caught at the expression, which so much tickled his fancy, that he was convulsed with laughter, and exclaimed, "Well, Nathan! you have at length set me an easy task." This afforded him amusement for the rest of the evening, and observing my confusion whenever his eye met mine, he would occasionally make some witty allusion to the *dull lines*, until I enjoyed the joke equally with himself. The result, however, proved very fortunate for me, for before we parted he presented me these beautifully pathetic lines, saying, "Here, Nathan, I think you will find these *dull* enough."

THE VISION OF BELSHAZZAR.

THE king was on his throne,
 The Satraps throng'd the hall ;
 A thousand bright lamps shone
 O'er that high festival.
 A thousand cups of gold,
 In Judah deem'd divine—
 Jehovah's vessels hold
 The godless Heathen's wine !
 In that same hour and hall,
 The fingers of a hand
 Came forth against the wall,
 And wrote as if on sand :
 The fingers of a man ;—
 A solitary hand
 Along the letters ran,
 And traced them like a wand.
 The monarch saw, and shook,
 And bade no more rejoice ;
 All bloodless wax'd his look,
 And tremulous his voice.
 " Let the men of lore appear,
 " The wisest of the earth,
 " And expound the words of fear,
 " Which mar our royal mirth."
 Chaldea's seers are good,
 But here they have no skill ;
 And the unknown letters stood
 Untold and awful still.
 And Babel's men of age
 Are wise and deep in lore ;
 But now they were not sage,
 They saw—but knew no more.
 A captive in the land,
 A stranger and a youth,
 He heard the king's command,
 He saw that writing's truth.
 The lamps around were bright,
 The prophecy in view ;
 He read it on that night,—
 The morrow proved it true.
 " Belshazzar's grave is made,
 " His kingdom pass'd away,
 " He in the balance weigh'd,
 " Is light and worthless clay.
 " The shroud, his robe of state,
 " His canopy, the stone ;
 " The Mede is at his gate !
 " The Persian on his throne !"

Lord Byron in this melody draws forth the rational faculties, and fixes them upon a supernatural phantom. A spacious hall decorated with all the splendour of eastern pomp, illuminated with a thousand lamps, the tables covered with massy cups of gold, and every luxury which Belshazzar could procure for his guests : when lo, in the midst of festivity, the vision of a hand writing upon the wall excites terror in every breast, the monarch trembles with fear, conscious that it portends some great calamity ; his Lordship then closes with a train of miseries ; Belshazzar divested of the robe of state, stripped of his possessions, slain, and the Medes and Persians in possession of his kingdom.

THE VISION OF BELSHAZZAR,

Ent. Sta. Hull.

Price 2/6

Poet. Lord Byron.

Composer. I. Nathan.

London, Pall-mal, 5, Old Bond Street.

VOICE.

ALLEGRO AGITATO.

PIANO-FORTE.

The King was on the throne, The

satraps through the hall; A thousand bright lamps shone O'er that high festival.

A thousand cups of gold, In Ju-dah deem'd di-vine - Je-hovah's vessels

hold The godless Heathen's wine!

In that same hour and hall, The fingers of a

hand Came forth a- gainst the wall, And wrote as if on sand:

The fingers of a man;— A so...li...ta...ry hand A...long the let...ters.

ran, and traced them like a wand.

The monarch saw, and shook, And bade no more re.

joice ;... All bloodless was his look, And tre.mu...lous his voice,

Let the men of lore ap.pear, The wisest of the Earth, And expound the words of

fear, which mar our roy....al mirth.

Chal..de...a's seers are good But here they have no

skill, And the unknown let ters stood un....told and aw....ful still.

And Babel's men of age Are wise and deep in lore; But now they were not

sage They saw - but knew no more.

A captive in the land, A stranger and a

youth, He heard the King's command, He saw that writing's truth.

The lamps around were bright, The pro...ph...e...cy in view; He

read it on that night, — The mor...row prov'd it true.

MODERATO E GRANDIOS.

Bel...shazzar's grave is made, His kingdom pass'd a...way,

Bold & Solemn.

He, in the balance weigh'd, Is light and worthless clay The
shroud, his robe of state, His ca...no...py the stone; The
Mede is at his gate! The Persian on his throne!

The musical score consists of six systems. Each system has a vocal line on a treble clef staff and a piano accompaniment on a grand staff (treble and bass clefs). The key signature is one sharp (F#) and the time signature is 3/4. Dynamics include *ss* (sottissimo) and *f* (forte). The lyrics are written below the vocal line.

FRANCISCA.

For Solo. Ball.

Price 2/

Poet Lord Byron.

Composer, I. Nathan.

London, Foliostr. 3, Old Bond Street.

VOICE.

PASTORALE.

PIANO-
FORTE.

The first system of music features a vocal line on a single staff and a piano accompaniment on two staves (treble and bass clef). The key signature has two flats (B-flat and E-flat), and the time signature is 6/8. The piano part begins with a forte (f) dynamic and includes a piano (p) dynamic marking later in the system.

Fran...cis.....ca walks in the

sha...dow of night, But it is not to gaze on the heav'nly light, But

if she sits in her Gar.....den Bow'r, 'Tis not for the sake of its

blowing Flow'r; She listens, but not for the Nigh.....tin..

gale, Tho' her ear expects as soft a tale Tho' her ear expects as

soft a tale, There winds there winds a step through the foliage thick

And her cheek grows pale and her

heart beats quick, and her heart beats quick, There whis.....pers a

voice..... thro' the rust..... ling leaves, There

whis.....pers a voice..... thro' the rust..... ling leaves And her

blush returns, And her bosom heaves,

A moment more, and they shall meet, 'Tis past —

ritard:

her lover's at her feet.

a tempo.

Francisca

DUET,

FOR

Two Sopranos

Poet Lord Byron.

Composer L. Nathan

PASTORALE.

Piano introduction for the duet, featuring two staves in G major and 6/8 time. The music is marked 'f' and 'p'.

First system of the duet, showing two vocal staves and a piano accompaniment. The lyrics are: "Fran...cis.....ca walks in the"

Second system of the duet, showing two vocal staves and a piano accompaniment. The lyrics are: "sha...dow of night, But it is not to gaze on the Heav'n....ly light; But"

if..... she sits in her gar.....den Bow.er 'Tis not for the sake of its

if..... she sits in her gar.....den Bow.er 'Tis not for the sake of its

blow.....ing Flow'r, She listens but..... not for..... the

blow.....ing Flow'r, She listens but not for..... the

night..... in..... gale Tho'..... her ear..... ex.....pects. as

night..... in..... gale Tho'..... her ear..... ex.....pects. as

soft a tale tho' her ear expects as soft a tale There winds there winds a step
 soft a tale tho' her ear expects as soft a tale There winds there winds a step

through the foliage thick, And her
 through the foliage thick, And her

cheek grows pale and her heart beats quick, and her heart beats quick, There
 cheek grows pale and her heart beats quick, and her heart beats quick,

whis.....pers a voice..... thro' the rust.....ling

leaves,
There whis.....pers a voice..... thro' the rust.....ling

And her blush re.turns And her bo.....som heaves,
leaves, And her blush re.turns And her bo.....som

A moment more and they shall meet 'Tis
heaves, A moment more and they shall meet

This system contains the first two vocal staves and the piano accompaniment. The vocal lines are in a soprano and alto register, with lyrics 'A moment more and they shall meet 'Tis' and 'heaves, A moment more and they shall meet'. The piano accompaniment is in the right and left hands, providing harmonic support.

past her Loo...vers at her feet.
her Loo...vers at her feet.

This system contains the second two vocal staves and the piano accompaniment. The vocal lines continue with lyrics 'past her Loo...vers at her feet.' and 'her Loo...vers at her feet.'. The piano accompaniment continues with a similar harmonic structure.

This system contains the final two vocal staves and the piano accompaniment. The vocal lines are mostly empty, indicating the end of the vocal parts. The piano accompaniment concludes with a final chord.

FRANCISCA.

FRANCISCA walks in the shadow of night,
 But it is not to gaze on the heavenly light—
 But if she sits in her garden bower,
 'Tis not for the sake of its blowing flower.
 She listens—but not for the nightingale,
 Though her ear expects as soft a tale.
 There winds a step through the foliage thick,
 And her cheek grows pale—and her heart beats quick.
 There whispers a voice thro' the rustling leaves,
 And her blush returns—and her bosom heaves :
 A moment more—and they shall meet—
 'Tis past—her Lover's at her feet.

The feelings of suspense are here well portrayed. Francisca waiting in solitary anxiety the arrival of her lover ; the beautiful notes of the nightingale are lost upon her ear ; the mind dwells upon one theme, until the expected footsteps are heard, when the pain of the past is lost in the Elysium of present feeling.

FROM THE LAST HILL THAT LOOKS ON THY ONCE HOLY DOME.

On the Day of the Destruction of Jerusalem by Titus.

From the last hill that looks on thy once holy dome
I beheld thee, Oh Zion! when rendered to Rome;
'Twas thy last sun went down, and the flames of thy fall
Flash'd back on the last glance I gave to thy wall.

I look'd for thy temple, I look'd for my home,
And forgot for a moment my bondage to come;
I beheld but the death-fire that fed on thy face,
And the fast fetter'd hands that made vengeance in vain.

On many an eve, the high spot whence I gazed
Had reflected the last beam of day as it blazed:
While I stood on the height, and beheld the decline
Of the rays from the mountain that shone on thy shrine.

And now on that mountain I stood on that day,
But I marked not the twilight beam melting away;
Oh! would that the lightning had glared in its stead,
And the thunderbolt burst on the conqueror's head!

But the Gods of the Pagan shall never profane
The shrine where Jehovah disdain'd not to reign;
And scatter'd and scorn'd as thy people may be,
Our worship, oh Father! is only for thee.

Connected as the subject of this melody is with the fulfilment of the most completely verified prophecy, it cannot but be supposed that it greatly interested the mind of the writer. The destruction of that venerable city, which was peculiarly the object of divine guardianship, involved in all the horrors that parallel miseries can furnish to our imaginations, and the conviction that one stone no longer lay on the other, strike the reflective and considerate mind with awe; nor are the circumstances attendant on the destruction of Jerusalem more remarkable for the extent of the misery concomitant with its fall, than for the decisive proof they afford of the verity of those prophecies, which in that event were realised.

Whatever the world may feel disposed to think or to say of the religious principles of Lord Byron, it would not be just in me to allow any opportunity of elucidating his sentiments on that subject, to escape me; and to his calumniators it is but proper to say, that he never entertained that latitude of principle they so *liberally* ascribe to him.

In the composition of the foregoing stanzas, he professed to me, that he had always considered the fall of Jerusalem, as the most remarkable event of all history; "for," (in his own words) "who can behold the entire destruction of that mighty pile; the desolate wanderings of its inhabitants, and compare these positive occurrences with the distant prophecies which foretell them, and be an infidel?"

I was struck at the moment with this remark, the more especially, perhaps, as at that very period, the press seemed to make common cause in admiration of his genius, and vituperation of his principles; and I feel pleasure in being enabled to do him this posthumous justice, by contradicting for him, that which I believe he was too proud and too confident in the noble integrity of his own heart to notice.

FROM THE LAST HILL THAT LOOKS ON THY ONCE HOLY DOME.

Fin. Sta. Hall.

Poet Lord Byron.

Price 2/6

Composer I. Nathan.

London, Falkner, 5, Old Broad Street.

**NON TROPPO
ALLEGRO
MA ESPRESSIVO**

From the last hill that looks on thy once ho..ly dome I be.

..held thee, Oh Si..on! when render'd to Rome: 'Twas thy last sun went down, and the

flames of thy fall Flash'd back on the last glance I gave to thy wall, 'Twas thy

laet sun went down, and the flames of thy fall, Flash'd back on the last

glance..... I gave to thy wall.

I look'd for my tem...ple, I look'd for my home, And for...got for a

moment my bondage to come: I be...held but the death fire that

fed on thy fane, And the fast fetter'd hands that made vengeance in

vain, I be...held but the death fire that fed on thy fane, And the

fast fetter'd hands that made ven.....gence in

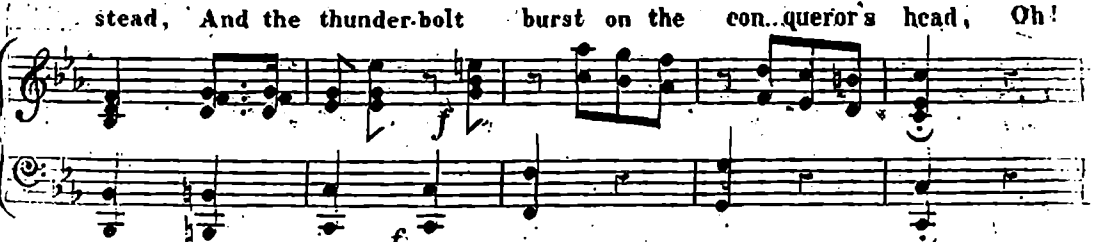
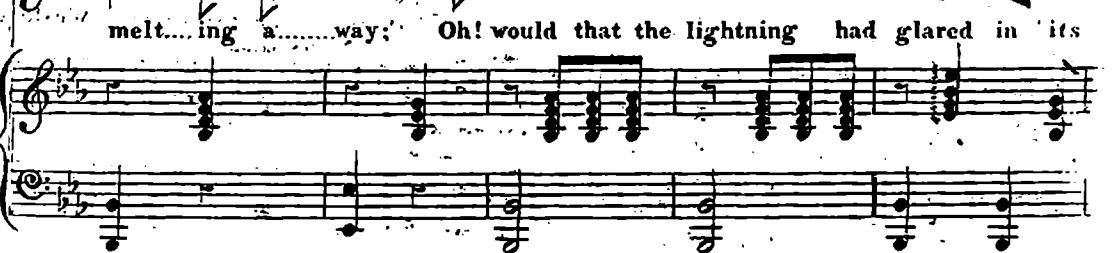
vain.

On ma...ny an eve the high spot whence I gaz'd, Had re...flected the last

beam of day as it blaz'd; While I stood on the height, and be...held the de...

...cline Of the rays from the mountain that shone on thy shrine, While I

stood on the height and be...held the de...cline Of the rays from the



had glared..... in its

would that the lightning had glared..... in its

stead, And the thunder bolt burst on the con... que... for's

head!

But the Gods of the Pa... gan shall never pro... fane The shrine where Je...

..hovah dis..dain'd not to reign; And scatter'd and scorn'd as thy peo..ple may

be, Our worship oh Fa..ther! is on....ly for Thee! And scatter'd and

scorn'd as thy peo...ple may be, Our worship oh Fa.....ther! is

on....ly for Thee.

FAME, WISDOM, LOVE & POWER,

Ent. Sta. Hull

Price 2¹/₂

Poet, Lord Byron,

Composer, J. Nathan.

London, Falkner 5, Old Bond Street

EXPRESSIVO: *mf*

Dim: p pp Fame, wisdom,

f ff *mf*

Love, and pow'r were mine. And health and youth possess'd me; My

Gob.....lets blush'd from ev.....ry vine; And love.....ly forms ca...

...ress'd me; I sunn'd my heart from beau....tys eye, And

felt my soul grow tender All Earth can give of

mor.....tal prize, Was mine of re.....gal splendour.

sun'd my heart in beau... ty's eyes. And felt my soul grow

The first system of music features a vocal line on a treble clef staff and a piano accompaniment on a grand staff (treble and bass clefs). The key signature has two sharps (F# and C#), and the time signature is 3/4. The lyrics are "sun'd my heart in beau... ty's eyes. And felt my soul grow". The piano part begins with a piano (*p*) dynamic.

tender. All Earth can give, or mor... tal prize, Was

The second system continues the vocal line and piano accompaniment. The lyrics are "tender. All Earth can give, or mor... tal prize, Was". The piano accompaniment features a prominent bass line with a long note in the final measure.

mine of re... gal splendour

The third system continues the vocal line and piano accompaniment. The lyrics are "mine of re... gal splendour". The piano part includes dynamic markings: *mf* (mezzo-forte), *f* (forte), *Dim:* (diminuendo), and *p* (piano). There is also a triplet of eighth notes in the piano part.

I strive to number to number o'er what days Re.

The fourth system concludes the vocal line and piano accompaniment. The lyrics are "I strive to number to number o'er what days Re.". The piano part includes dynamic markings: *pp* (pianissimo) and *mf* (mezzo-forte).

mem..brance can dis..cover, Which all that life or

Earth displays would lure me to live over. There

rose no day, There roll'd no hour of pleasure un.....em...

..bitter'd; And not a trapping deck'd my pow'r That

gall'd not while it glitter'd. There rose no day, There

roll'd no hour of plea...sure un...em...bitter'd And

not a trapping deck'd my pow'r That gall'd not while it

glitter'd.

f *ff* *Dim:* *p* *pp*

FAME, WISDOM, LOVE, AND POWER WERE MINE.

"All is Vanity saith the Preacher."

FAME, wisdom, love, and power were mine,
 And health and youth possess'd me ;
 My goblets blush'd from every vine,
 And lovely forms caress'd me ;
 I sunn'd my heart in beauty's eyes,
 And felt my soul grow tender ;
 All earth can give, or mortal prize,
 Was mine of regal splendour.

I strive to number o'er what days
 Remembrance can discover,
 Which all that life or earth displays
 Would lure me to live over.
 There rose no day, there roll'd no hour
 Of pleasure unembittered ;
 And not a trapping deck'd my power
 That gall'd not while it glittered.

The serpent of the field, by art
 And spells, is won from harming ;
 But that which coils around the heart,
 Oh ! who hath power of charming ?
 It will not list to wisdom's lore,
 Nor music's voice can lure it ;
 But there it sting's for evermore
 The soul that must endure it.

Lord Byron in these beautiful verses treats in a masterly manner, the varieties and transient uncertainty of human enjoyments : he commences with the young man launching into life, with all that wealth and splendour can bestow.

The second is no less striking, when the middle stage of life commences ; we are still addicted to the pleasure of the past, and when the shadows of old age assail us at a distance, the noble poet recoils at the past, and wishes rather to recede than to advance.

The last verse has a fine allusion to the charming of the serpent, figuratively expressed in the scriptures, in which his Lordship does not wish to infringe upon the credulity of the expression as it really stands, and concludes in a strain which clearly paints the miseries attendant on human happiness : that they begin—rise to a certain perfection—then moulder and decay.

THE DESTRUCTION OF SEMNACHERIB.

THE Assyrian came down like the wolf on the fold,
 And his cohorts were gleaming in purple and gold;
 And the sheen of their spears was like stars on the sea,
 When the blue waves roll nightly on deep Galilee.
 Like the leaves of the forest when Summer is green,
 That host with their banners at sunset were seen;
 Like the leaves of the forest when Autumn hath blown,
 That host on the morrow lay withered and strown.

For the Angel of Death spread his wings on the blast,
 And breathed in the face of the foe as he pass'd,
 And the eyes of the sleepers wax'd deadly and chill,
 And their hearts but once heav'd, and for ever grew still!
 And there lay the steed with his nostril all wide,
 But through it there roll'd not the breath of his pride;
 And the foam of his gasping lay white on the turf,
 And cold as the spray of the rock-beating surf.

And there lay the rider distorted and pale,
 With the dew on his brow, and the rust on his mail;
 And the tents were all silent, the banners alone,
 The lances unlifted, the trumpet unblown.
 And the widows of Ashur are loud in their wail,
 And the idols are broke in the temple of Baal;
 And the might of the Gentile, unsmote by the sword,
 Hath melted like snow in the glance of the Lord!

Lord-Byron places before the imagination a powerful Army arrayed in a warlike manner, with that pomp so prevalent in Eastern countries: the ferocious appearance of the cohorts is well defined; flushed with ardour and impetuosity in the conflict, till at last consigned to destruction, they lie lifeless on the field, and the horse and his rider are doomed to the same inevitable destruction.

At last, the stillness of death prevades the whole scene; the trumpet is no longer heard; the ostentatious banners are lowered; and the idols of Baal are broken to pieces. The whole forms a fine picture of human life; we are ushered into this world; we experience the trials and vicissitudes incident to human enjoyments, till death, that grim tyrant, puts a period to the whole.

THE DESTRUCTION OF SEMNACHERIB.

Ent. Sta. Hall.

Price 2/6.

Poet, Lord Byron,

Composer, I. Nathan.

London, Falkner, 3, Old Bond Street.

ALLEGRO
CON FUOCO.

The As...sy..rian came down like the

wolf, like the wolf on the fold, And his co..... horts were

gleam...ing in pur...ple and gold; And the

The first system of music features a vocal line in a treble clef with a key signature of two flats and a 3/4 time signature. The lyrics are "gleam...ing in pur...ple and gold; And the". The piano accompaniment is in a bass clef, featuring a steady eighth-note pattern in the right hand and a more complex accompaniment in the left hand, including triplets.

sheen of their spears was like stars on the

The second system continues the vocal line with the lyrics "sheen of their spears was like stars on the". The piano accompaniment maintains the eighth-note pattern in the right hand and provides harmonic support in the left hand.

sea. When the blue wave rolls night.....ly on

The third system begins with the lyrics "sea. When the blue wave rolls night.....ly on". The piano accompaniment includes triplets in the right hand, mirroring the vocal line's phrasing.

deep Ga...li. lee. Like the leaves of the

The fourth system concludes the page with the lyrics "deep Ga...li. lee. Like the leaves of the". The piano accompaniment features a final triplet in the right hand. The system ends with a double bar line and the initials "S.H.B." below the piano part.

forest when sum.....mer is green That

host with their banners at sun.....set were seen Like the

leaves of the fo....rest, when Au.....tumn hath

blown, when Au.....tumn hath blown That host on the morrow lay

Ad libitum.....

wi.....ther'd and strewn.

2nd VERSE.

For the An...gel of Death spread his

wings on the blast, And breath'd in the face of the

foe as he pass'd; And the eyes of the sleep.....ers wax'd,

dead.....ly and chill, And their hearts but once heav'd and for e...ver grew

still. And there lay the steed with his nos.....tril all

wide, But through it there roll'd not the breath of his

pride: And the foam of his gasping lay white on the

turf, lay white on the turf. And cold as the spray of the

rock beating surf.

3rd VERS..

And

there lay the rider dis...tor...ted and pale, With the

dew on his brow and the rust on his mail; And the tents were all

si..lent, the ban...ners a...lone, The lan...ces un..lift...ed The

Trumpet un..blown, And the wi.....dows of Ash....ur are

loud in their wail, And the I.....dols are broke in the

tem.....ple of Baal; And the might of the

Gen.....tile, un.....smote by the sword, un.

.smote by the sword, hath melt.....ed like

snow in the glance of the Lord!

A SELECTION OF
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Saul

FOR 5 VOICES:

Two Sopranos, Two Tenors & a Bass.

1st. St. Hall.

Text, Lord Byron.

Trice 3/

Composer, J. Nathan.

ALLEGRO.
MAESTOSO.

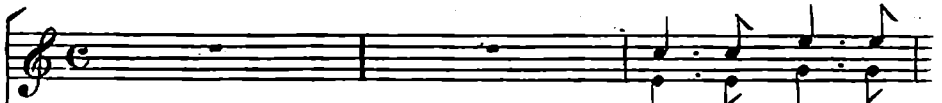
The first system of music consists of a vocal line and a piano accompaniment. The vocal line is written in a single staff with a treble clef and a common time signature. It begins with a triplet of eighth notes, followed by a series of quarter and eighth notes. The piano accompaniment is written in a grand staff (treble and bass clefs) and features a rhythmic pattern of eighth and sixteenth notes, with a triplet of eighth notes in the bass line.

The second system continues the vocal and piano parts. The vocal line features a triplet of eighth notes. The piano accompaniment continues with its rhythmic pattern, including a triplet of eighth notes in the bass line.

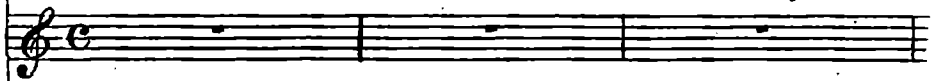
The third system shows the vocal line and piano accompaniment. The vocal line has a melodic line with various intervals. The piano accompaniment features a dense texture of eighth and sixteenth notes in both hands.

The fourth system concludes the piece. It includes the instruction "Retardando." above the vocal line. The vocal line has a final melodic phrase, and the piano accompaniment provides a harmonic foundation.

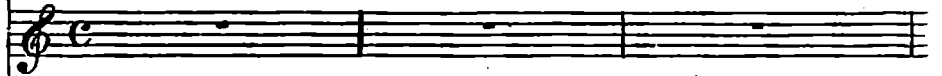
1st and 2nd
SOPRANOS.



COUNTER
TENOR.



TENOR.



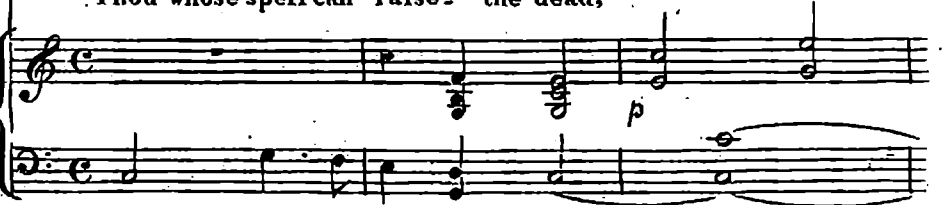
BASS.



Thou whose spell can

Thou whose spell can raise the dead,

PIANO
FORTE.



raise the dead, Bid the Prophets form ap-pear,

Bid the Prophets form ap-pear, "Samuel raise thy buried head!

Bid the Prophets form ap-pear,

Bid the Prophets form ap-pear,

ff

Samuel raise thy bu-ried head!

Samuel raise thy bu-ried head!

Samuel raise thy bu-ried head!

King behold the Phan-tom Seer!"

King behold the Phan-tom Seer!"

King behold the Phan-tom Seer!"

King behold the Phan-tom Seer!" Earth

The musical score consists of two systems. The first system features three vocal staves and a piano accompaniment. The lyrics are 'Samuel raise thy bu-ried head!'. The second system features four vocal staves and a piano accompaniment. The lyrics are 'King behold the Phan-tom Seer!'. The piano accompaniment includes chords and melodic lines in both hands.

Earth yawnd Earth yawnd; light
 He stood the centre of a cloud:
 Earth yawnd; Earth yawnd he stood the centre of a
 yawnd Earth yawnd; light
 chang'd its hue re-ti-ring from his shroud.
 light chang'd.. its hue, retiring from his shroud,
 cloud: re-ti-ring from his shroud. Death stood all
 chang'd light chang'd re-ti-ring from his shroud.

Death stood all glassy in his fix-ed eye:

glassy in his fix-ed eye:

In his fix-ed eye:

Death stood all glassy in his fix'd eye: His

Death stood all glassy in his fix'd eye: His

Death stood all glassy in his fix'd eye: His

Death stood all glassy in his fix'd eye: His hand was witherd, His

hand was wither'd and his veins were dry: His hand was wither'd, **ADAGIO.**

hand was wither'd and his veins were dry: wither - ed,

hand was wither'd and his veins were dry: wither - ed,

hand was wither'd and his veins were dry: **ADAGIO.**

TEMPO pmo

His hand was wither'd and his veins were dry...

1st & 2d Tenor. His hand was wither'd and his veins were dry...

wither. . . ed, was wither'd were dry..

His hand was wither'd and his veins were dry; His

TEMPO pmo

Shrunken and sinewless, and gha-st-ly bare.

Shrunken and sinewless, and gha-st-ly bare.

Shrunken and sinewless, and gha-st-ly bare.

PRESTO.

Shrunken and sinewless, and gha-st-ly bare.

foot in bony whiteness glissend there. And

PRESTO.

And gha-st-ly bare: From lips that

TEMPO PRO

And gha-st-ly bare:

And gha-st-ly bare and gha-st-ly gha-st-ly bare: From lips that

gha-st-ly bare and gha-st-ly bare and gha-st-ly bare: From lips that

TEMPO PRO

mov'd not and un-breathing frame, Like cavern'd winds the hollow accents came.

and un-breathing frame, Like cavern'd winds the hollow accents came:

mov'd not and un-breathing frame, Like cavern'd winds the hollow accents came.

mov'd not and un-breathing frame, Like cavern'd winds the hollow accents came the

hollow accents came. Saul saw, and fell to earth, as falls the oak, at

Col voce

And blas - ted by a thunder stroke by a thun -

And blas - ted by a thunder stroke by a thun -

And blas - ted by a thunder stroke by a thun -

once: And blas - ted by a thunder stroke by a thun -

ff

der stroke by a thun - der stroke

der stroke by a thun - der stroke

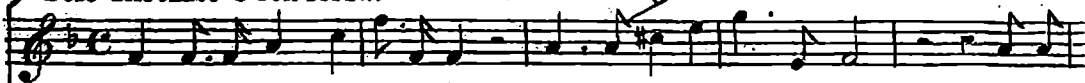
der stroke by a thun - der stroke

der stroke by a thun - der stroke

V.S.

RECITATIVO.

Solo Risoluto e con forza.



Why is my sleep dis-quiet-ed? Who is he that calls the dead? Is it.



Tremando.



thou, O King? be-hold Bloodless are these limbs, Bloodless are these



pp

Adagio e Pia.

Tempo Risoluto.



limbs and cold: Such are mine; and such shall be thine, tomorrow when with



me: Ere the coming day is donè, Such shalt thou be, Such thy Son.

con la parte.



Andante con Moto.

Fare thee well, but for a day; Then we mix our mouldering clay.

Fare thee well, but for a day; Then we mix our mould'ring clay.

Presto.

Thou, thy race, lie pale and low,

Pierc'd by shafts of many a bow; And the

Fal- - - - chion by thy side, To thy

ff

heart, thy hand shall guide:

Marcato.

Crownless, breathless, headless fall, Son and Sire, the

house of Saul!

p *pp*

THOU WHOSE SPELL CAN RAISE THE DEAD.

SAUL.

THOU, whose spell can raise the dead,
 Bid the prophet's form appear.
 "Samuel, raise thy buried head!
 King, behold the phantom seer!"
 Earth yawn'd; he stood the centre of a cloud:
 Light changed its hue, retiring from his shroud.
 Death stood all glassy in the fixed eye;
 His hand was wither'd, and his veins were
 dry;
 His foot, in bony whiteness, glitter'd there,
 Shrunken, and sinewless, and ghastly bare:
 From lips that moved not, and unbreathing
 frame,
 Like cavern'd winds the hollow accents came.
 Saul saw, and fell to earth, as falls the oak,
 At once, and blasted by the thunder-stroke.

"Why is my sleep disquieted?
 Who is he that calls the dead?
 Is it thou, Oh King? Behold,
 Bloodless are these limbs, and cold:
 Such are mine; and such shall be
 Thine, to-morrow, when with me:
 Ere the coming day is done,
 Such shalt thou be, such thy son.
 Fare thee well, but for a day;
 Then we mix our mouldering clay.
 Thou, thy race, lie pale and low,
 Pierced by shafts of many a bow;
 And the falchion by thy side
 To thy heart thy hand shall guide:
 Crownless, breathless, headless, fall
 Son and sire, the house of Saul!"

Whatever subject may occupy the attention of a great mind is worthy of record. In the composition of the sublime lines which form the foregoing Melody I had frequent opportunities of conversation with Lord Byron, in which, without any intention of recalling the exploded crime of witchcraft to the reader's remembrance, it must be observed that his Lordship felt some reluctance to add anything—even his imagination—to the establishment of a belief so fatal to old women in Judge Hale's time. On delivering the lines, he reverted to that subject even with a feeling of indignation (not very usual with him), and told me it was somewhat difficult to touch on such a history without in some degree encountering the contempt of the moderates, who deservedly execrated the cruel judges who thought proper to execute a law on witches. My reply was, that whatever he had written on that subject must preserve him from contempt. How far he has succeeded in rendering the situation one of sublime effect is not necessary for me to observe. I felt a difficulty in the composition, because I saw the height of beauty his lines had reached, and I trembled lest he had soared too high for my imagination's *accompaniment*: it was therefore with some apprehension I rehearsed the composition to him, and I scarcely need add what delight I felt in discovering his Lordship's enthusiasm in the repetition of his own writing. "Why is my sleep disquieted," &c., continued after its performance, and he declared that the passage would haunt him. With perfect good humour he assured me the next morning that he had greeted some early intruder with what he could recollect of that passage. It is hoped I shall be pardoned when I confess that my *vanity* was highly gratified at this declaration, but my *curiosity* to know who the unwelcome visitor was predominated: his Lordship, however, anticipating my desire on that subject, exclaimed, "Come, Nathan, do not imagine that I have been honoured by an interview with Lady Endor, or with Samuel's vision—the intruder that greeted me was no hobgoblin, I assure you; it was only Douglas Kinnaird."

I SPEAK NOT — I TRACE NOT — I BREATHE NOT.

I SPEAK not—I trace not—I breathe not thy name,
 There is grief in the sound—there were guilt in the fame;
 But the tear which now burns on my cheek may impart
 The deep thought that dwells in that silence of heart.

Too brief for our passion, too long for our peace,
 Were those hours, can their joy or their bitterness cease?
 We repent—we abjure—we will break from our chain;
 We must part—we must fly to—unite it again.

Oh! thine be the gladness and mine be the guilt.
 Forgive me adored one—forsake if thou wilt;
 But the heart which I bear shall expire undebased,
 And man shall not break it—whatever thou may'st,

And stern to the haughty, but humble to thee,
 My soul in its bitterest blackness shall be;
 And our days seem as swift—and our moments more sweet
 With thee by my side—than the world at our feet.

One sigh of thy sorrow—one look of thy love
 Shall turn me or fix, shall reward or reprove;
 And the heartless may wonder at all we resign,
 Thy lip shall reply not to them—but to mine.

Many of the best poetical pieces of Lord Byron, having the least amatory feeling, have been strangely distorted by his calumniators, as if applicable to the lamented circumstances of his latter life.

The foregoing verses were written more than two years previously to his marriage; and, to show how averse his Lordship was from touching in the most distant manner upon the *theme* which might be deemed to have a personal allusion, he requested me, the morning before he last left London, either to suppress the verses entirely, or to be careful in putting the date when they were originally written.

At the close of his Lordship's injunction Mr. Leigh Hunt was announced, to whom I was for the first time introduced, and at his request I sang "O Marinara" and this Melody, both of which he was pleased to eulogize: but his Lordship again observed, "Notwithstanding my own partiality to the air, and the encomiums of an excellent judge, yet I must adhere to my former injunction."

Observing his Lordship's anxiety, and fully appreciating the noble feeling by which that anxiety was augmented, I acquiesced, in signifying my willingness to withhold the Melody altogether from the public rather than submit him to any uneasiness. "No, Nathan," ejaculated his Lordship; "I am too great an admiror of your music to suffer a single *phrase** of it to be lost; I insist that you publish the Melody, but by attaching to it the date it will answer every purpose, and it will prevent my lying under greater obligations than are absolutely necessary for the *liberal encomiums* of my friends."

* A phrase is a short melody that expresses a musical sentence; a member of a strain or portion of an air. A phrase is in composition what a foot is in poetry, or like the effect of a comma in punctuation.—See Nathan's *Musurgia Vocalis*, page 99.

Speak not - Trace not - Breathe not thy name.

Poet, Lord Byron.

Composer, J. Nathan.

SCHERZANDO DISCREZIONE.

I speak not - I trace not - I

breathe not thy name, There is grief in the sound there were

guilt in the fame, There is grief in the sound there were

ppm

guilt in the fame But the tear which now burns on my

cheek may im-part The deep thought that dwells in this si-lence of

heart The tear which now burns on my cheek may im-part The

deep thought that dwells in this si-lence of heart. Oh!

thine be the gladness and mine be the guilt, For-give me a-dored one for-

sake if thou wilt, For-give me a-dored one forsake if thou wilt.

But the heart which I bear shall ex-pire un-de-bas'd, And

man shall not break it what-e-ver thou may'st The heart which I bear shall ex-

pire un-de-has'd And man shall not break it Whate-ver thou may'st.

And stern to the haughty but humble to

thee, My soul in its bitterest blackness shall be; My soul in its bit-terest

blackness shall be And our days seem as swift and our

mo - ments more sweet With thee by my side than the world at our feet our

days seem as swift and our moments more sweet With thee by my side than the

world at our feet. One sigh of thy

sorrow one look of thy love Shall turn me or fix shall re.ward or re.prove; Shall

turn me or fix shall re-ward or re- prove And the heartless may

wonder at all we re-sign, Thy lip shall re- ply not to them but to

mine The heartless may wonder at all we re- sign, Thy lip shall re-

ply not to them but to mine.

In the Valley of waters.

A Trio for Two Sopranos & a Bass.

Int. Stg. Hall.

Poet. Lord Byron.

Price 2/6

Composer. J. Nathan.

LARGO

In the Val-ley of wa-ters we wept o'er the day we wept o'er the
 In the Val-ley of wa-ters we wept o'er the
 In the Val-ley of wa-ters we wept o'er the day

day When the host of the stranger made Sa-lem his prey made Sa-lem his
 day When the host of the stranger made Sa-lem his prey made Sa-lem his
 When the host of the stranger made Salem made Sa-lem his

prey made Sa-lem his prey And our heads on our bosoms all drooping-ly lay all
 prey made Sa-lem his prey all drooping-ly lay our
 prey made Sa-lem his prey And our heads on our bosoms all drooping-ly

droop -ing-ly droop-ingly lay all drooping-ly drooping-ly
 heads on our bosoms all drooping-ly lay all droop -ing-ly
 lay all drooping-ly lay all droop -ingly

lay and our hearts were so full of the land far a way of the land far a .

lay our hearts were so full of the land far a way of the land far a .

lay and our hearts were so full of the land far a .

way. The song they demanded they de. manded in

way. The song they de.

way. The song they de. manded they de.

vain in vain it lay still In our souls as the wind that hath died on the
 manded in vain it lay still In our souls as the wind that hath died on the
 manded in vain it lay still as the wind that hath died on the

hill hath died on the hill hath died on the hill They
 hill that hath died on the hill that hath died on the hill They
 hill hath died on the hill hath died died on the hill

call'd for the harp they call'd for the harp They call'd for the harp but our
 call'd for the harp they call'd for the harp They call'd for the harp but our
 They call'd for the harp..... but our

blood they shall spill our blood they shall spill they shall spill Ere our right hand shall
 blood they shall spill our blood they shall spill they shall spill shall
 blood they shall spill our blood they shall spill they shall spill Ere our right hand shall

teach them one tone of their skill one tone of their skill.

teach them one tone of their skill one tone of their skill.

teach them one tone one tone of their skill.

The first system consists of three vocal staves and a piano accompaniment. The top staff is a vocal line with lyrics. The middle staff is another vocal line with lyrics. The bottom staff is a piano accompaniment with two staves. The lyrics are: "teach them one tone of their skill one tone of their skill." repeated on the first two staves, and "teach them one tone one tone of their skill." on the third staff.

All stringlessly hung on the willows sad tree. on the willows sad

All stringlessly hung on the willows sad

All stringlessly hung on the willows sad tree

The second system consists of three vocal staves and a piano accompaniment. The top staff is a vocal line with lyrics. The middle staff is another vocal line with lyrics. The bottom staff is a piano accompaniment with two staves. The lyrics are: "All stringlessly hung on the willows sad tree. on the willows sad" on the first staff, "All stringlessly hung on the willows sad" on the second staff, and "All stringlessly hung on the willows sad tree" on the third staff.

tree as dead as her dead leaf those mute harps must be those mute harps must be those

tree as dead as her dead leaf those mute harps must be those mute harps must be those

as dead as dead as those mute harps must be those mute harps must be those

mute harps must be Our hands may be fetter'd our tears still are free our

mute harps must be Our hands may be fetter'd our tear still are free our

mute harps must be Our hands may be fetter'd our tear still are free still are free our

tears still are free still are free our tears our tears still are free For our
 tears..... still are free our tears our tears still are free
 tears still are free still are free our tears our tears still are free For our

God and our glo-ry oh Si-on oh thee And Si-on oh thee.
 our glo-ry oh Si-on oh thee And Si-on oh thee.
 God and our glo-ry And Si-on and Si-on oh thee.

IN THE VALLEY OF WATERS.

IN the valley of waters we wept o'er the day
 When the host of the stranger made Salem his prey,
 And our heads on our bosoms all droopingly lay,
 And our hearts were so full of the land far away.
 The song they demanded in vain—it lay still
 In our souls as the wind that hath died on the hill ;
 They call'd for the harp—but our blood they shall spill
 Ere our right hand shall teach them one tone of our skill.
 All stringlessly hung on the willow's sad tree,
 As dead as her dead leaf those mute harps must be ;
 Our hands may be fetter'd—our tears still are free,
 For our God and our glory—and, Sion !—Oh, thee.

The stranger in any country must be impressed with fresh ideas arising from the survey of fresh objects ; when those are of a pleasing nature the result must accord in the sequel.

The high places of Salem are here laid waste by the devastating hand of the barbarian, and the legitimate possessors of the country are driven to a foreign land ; but, far from being elevated by the change, their joy is turned into mourning : they looked with sorrow on the rivers of Babylon, and gave vent to their feelings in a torrent of tears. The harp is suspended on the willow-tree as useless in this new sphere of existence, and, considering the very use of the instrument, a profanation in the land of strangers, still remembering Sion.

The antiquity of music is beautifully depicted by David in many passages, but in the foregoing lines Lord Byron seems thoroughly to appreciate their force of feeling : as a proof how much he valued this passage of Scripture, it will be observed that two Melodies were written by his Lordship on the same subject, very different in words, but equally beautiful, and will serve as a sufficient apology for harmonizing both.

That it was a theme on which his Lordship pondered with great pathos is also finely illustrated in the following lines :—

“ So Juan wept as wept the captive Jews
 By Babel's waters—still remembering Sion.”

When I submitted the MS. composition of this Melody to Lord Byron he seemed surprised, and observed that the subject had already been published. I pointed out the difference of style in my arrangement of them, and likewise how his Lordship had varied the present version. He remarked that, in writing two, he only wished me to make a selection ; “ but,” added he, “ I must confess I give a preference to the latter ; and, since your music differs so widely from the former, I see no reason why it should not also make its public appearance.”

SUN OF THE SLEEPLESS.

SUN of the sleepless ! melancholy star !
 Whose tearful beam glows tremulously far,
 That show'st the darkness thou canst not dispel,
 How like art thou to joy remember'd well !
 So gleams the past, the light of other days,
 Which shines, but warms not with its powerless rays ;
 A night-beam Sorrow watcheth to behold,
 Distinct, but distant—clear—but, oh, how cold !

As a moralist, Lord Byron often calls in the works of nature, and the more sublime parts of the universe, as a proof of the Supreme Being ; the harmony of the solar system, the sun, moon, and stars, are duly appreciated, as secondary to their original cause : who can read those sublime lines, and for a moment conceive that his Lordship was the least atheistical in his opinions of things ? but, on the contrary, entertained the most exalted feelings and the most sublime ideas in all matters of theology.

In a conversation with Lord Byron, I mentioned to him that several admirers of his writings were sceptical in their judgment as to what his Lordship addressed in this Melody—whether the *moon* or the *evening star* ; both receiving their light from the sun ; to which his Lordship replied, “ I see, Nathan, you have been *star-gazing*, and are now in the *clouds* ; I shall therefore leave the *Astronomer Royal* to direct you in that matter.”

Sun of the sleepless!

Poet. Lord Byron.

Composer. J. Nathan.

GRAVE.

Sun of the sleepless! me-lan-choly star! Whose tear-ful beam glows

tremulous-ly far, me-lan-choly star! me-lan-choly star! Whose

tear-ful beam glows tremulously far, tremulously far, That show'st the

dark-ness that show'st the darkness thou can'st not dis-pel, How like art

thou to joy remember'd well! To joy re-member'd well! How

like art thou How like How like to joy remember'd well! How

like . . . art thou to joy to joy How like . . . art thou . . . to

joy remember'd well.

ALLEGRO.

So gleams the past, the light of o-ther days, which shines, but

warms not with its powerless rays; A

night beam sorrow watcheth to behold, distinct, but distant_ clear but, oh how

cold distinct but distant clear but oh how cold . . . how

cold! distinct, but distant, clear but oh how cold! .A

night beam sorrow watcheth to be hold, distinct_ but distant_ clear_ but, oh how

cold! oh how cold! So gleams the past, the light of other days, which

shines, but warms not with its powerless rays; warms not

with its powerless rays; which shines, but warms not with its powerless

rays; its powerless rays; its powerless rays; warms not with its powerless rays.

When coldness wraps this suffering clay.

DUET.

For Two Sopranos.

Ent. Sto. Hall.

Poet. Lord Byron.

Price 2/

Composer. J. Nathan.

ANDANTE

When coldness wraps this suffering clay, Ah whi - ther strays the immor - tal mind? It

When coldness wraps this suffering clay, Ah whi - ther strays the immor - tal mind? It

can not die it can not stay But leaves its darken'd dust be hind

can not die it can not stay But leaves its darken'd dust be hind

Then unem bo died doth it trace

Then unem bo died doth it

unem bo died doth it trace By steps each planets heav'nly way By steps each planets

trace doth it trace By steps each planets

heav'nly way Then un em bodied doth it trace..... then unem bodied doth it

heav'nly way Then un em bo died doth it trace then unem bodied doth it

trace then unem bodied doth it trace doth it

trace then unem bodied doth it trace doth it

trace doth it trace By steps each pla - nets heav'n - ly way or

trace doth it trace By steps each planets heav'nly way or fill

fill at once the realms of space A thing of eyes that all sur-vey a
 at once the realms of space A thing of eyes that all sur-vey a

thing of eyes that all sur-vey that all sur-vey
 thing of eyes that all sur-vey that all sur-vey.

E - ter - nal, bound - less, un - de - cay'd A thought un - seen, but see - ing
 E - ter - nal, bound - less, un - de - cay'd A thought un - seen, but see - ing

all, All all on earth or skies dis-play'd, shall it survey shall it re-

all, All all on earth or skies dis-play'd, shall it survey shall it re-

call Each fainter trace . . . that mem'ry holds . . .

call Each fainter trace . . . that mem'ry

Each faint . . . er trace Each fainter trace that mem'ry holds so darkly of de-parted years

holds Each faint . . . er trace so darkly of de-parted years

Each fainter trace that mem'ry holds each fainter trace that mem'ry holds each fainter

Each fainter trace that mem'ry holds each fainter trace that mem'ry holds each fainter

trace that mem'ry holds each fainter trace.....

trace that mem'ry holds each fainter trace.....

..... that mem'ry holds. So darkly of de - part - ed

..... that mem'ry holds So darkly of de - parted

years In one broad glance the soul be_holds And all, that was, at
 years In one broad glance the soul be_holds And all, that was, at

once ap_pears all that was, at once ap_pears, at once ap_
 once ap_pears all that was, at once ap_pears, at once ap_

pears.
 pears.

WHEN COLDNESS WRAPS THIS SUFFERING CLAY.

WHEN coldness wraps this suffering clay,
 Ah, whither strays the immortal mind?
 It cannot die, it cannot stay,
 But leaves its darken'd dust behind.
 Then, unembodied, doth it trace
 By steps each planet's heavenly way?
 Or fill at once the realms of space,
 A thing of eyes that all survey?

Eternal, boundless, undecay'd,
 A thought unseen, but seeing all—
 All, all in earth or skies display'd,
 Shall it survey, shall it recall:
 Each fainter trace that memory holds
 So darkly of departed years
 In one broad glance the soul beholds,
 And all that was at once appears.

Before Creation peopled earth,
 Its eyes shall roll through chaos back;
 And where the furthest heaven had birth,
 The spirit trace its rising track
 And where the future mars or makes,
 Its glance dilate o'er all to be,
 While sun is quench'd or system breaks,
 Fix'd in its own eternity.

Above or Love, Hope, Hate, or Fear,
 It lives all passionless and pure:
 An age shall fleet like earthly year;
 Its years as moments shall endure.
 Away, away, without a wing,
 O'er all, through all, its thoughts shall fly;
 A nameless and eternal thing,
 Forgetting what it was to die.

Atheism is held in such general abhorrence by every class of civilized society, that scarcely any man dares to avow himself an infidel; and when Lord Byron is taxed with such a creed, it must be by those who delight to deal in calumny without the shadow of foundation. What can more clearly prove his belief in the existence of a Supreme Being, and the immortality of the soul, than the first verse of this poem, which brings everything in heaven, earth, and immensity of space, to prove that there must be a Grand First Cause.

It has been insinuated, in contradiction to Lord Byron's writings, that he wrote mechanically, without any belief in what he advanced; but the soul of the poet is so deeply impressed with the importance of the subject, that he must have given religious matters a more minute research than the illiberal world would wish to give him credit for.

A SPIRIT PASS'D BEFORE ME.

From Job.

A SPIRIT pass'd before me : I beheld
 The face of immortality unveil'd.
 Deep sleep came down on every eye save mine.
 And there it stood,—all formless—but divine :
 Along my bones the creeping flesh did quake ;
 And, as my damp hair stiffen'd, thus it spake.

“ Is man more just than God ? Is man more pure
 Than He who deems even Seraphs insecure ?
 Creatures of clay—vain dwellers in the dust !
 The moth survives you, and are ye more just ?
 Things of a day ! you wither ere the night,
 Heedless and blind to Wisdom's wasted light !”

The force of sublimity shown by Lord Byron, when touching upon striking passages of Holy Writ, is particularly fine. The wisdom of Solomon, and the severe trial of Jephtha, are treated by his Lordship with feeling and effect not to be equalled by any other poet ; and his admiration of the patient submission of Job is no less forcible in expression and tone.

Being consulted as to his opinion of the authenticity of the Book of Job, he made several evasive replies. I, however, pressed the subject ; when he exclaimed, “ Nathan, I plainly perceive you are desirous of putting *my* patience to the test.” He at length quaintly observed, “ The Book contains an excellent moral lesson ; we will therefore not attempt to sap its credit or shake its authenticity ;” and, to confirm that his ideas were not grounded upon a superficial view of the subject, sat down, and wrote the foregoing sublime lines.

A Spirit passed before me.

Poet, Lord Byron.

Composer, J. Nathan.

ALLEGRETTO TIMOROSO.

CON MOTO

A Spi - rit pass'd be -

fore me: I be.held the face of Im.mor.ta.li.ty un veil'd -

I be-held the face of Immor-
_ta-li-ty unveil'd; Deep sleep came
down on ev-ry eye save mine, And there it stood, all
form-less but di-vine:..... A

long my bones the creeping flesh did quake And as my damp hair stiffend, thus it spake: A.

long my bones the creep-ing flesh did quake; A.

long my bones 'the creeping flesh did quake; and as my

damp hair stiffend thus it spake: thus, thus it spake.

ANDANTINO
DIVOTO.

Is man more just than God? Is man more pure than he who

deems e-ven Seraphis in-se-cure? Crea-tures of clay- vain

dwellers in the dust! The moth survives you, and are ye more just? The

moth sur-vives you, The moth sur-vives you, The moth sur-

vives you, and are ye are ye more just? are ye more

just? are ye more just? Things of a day! you wither ere the

night, Heedless and blind to Wisdom's wasted light! Heedless and

blind Heedless and blind Heedless and blind to Wisdom's wasted

light! Heedless and blind Heedless and blind Heedless and blind to

ad lib a tempo

Wisdom's wasted light to Wisdom's wasted light you wi - - - ther ere the

night, Heedless and blind to Wisdom's wasted light Heedless and blind

Heedless and blind to Wisdom's wasted light.

Were my bosom as false as thou deem'st it to be.

Ent. 5^{to} Ball

Price 2/

Poet. Lord Byron.

London, Falkner, 3, Old Bond Street.

Composer. J. Nathan.

ANDANTINO
CON MOTO

The first system of music features a vocal line on a single staff and a piano accompaniment on two staves. The key signature has two flats (B-flat and E-flat), and the time signature is 3/4. The piano part begins with a series of chords and moving lines in both hands.

The second system continues the vocal and piano parts. The vocal line includes the lyrics: "Were my bosom as false as thou deem'st it to be, I". There are some handwritten annotations above the vocal line, including a diamond shape and the word "Pia".

The third system continues the vocal and piano parts. The vocal line includes the lyrics: "need not have wander'd from far Ga-li-lee; It". There are some handwritten annotations above the vocal line, including a diamond shape.

all

was but ab - ju - ring my creed to ef - face The curse which, thou sayst, is the

crime of my race . The curse which, thou sayst, is the crime of my race.

If the bad ne - ver tri - umph, then God is with

thee! If the slave on - ly sin, thou art spot - less and free!

If the ex - ile on earth is an outcast on high, Live on in thy

faith, but in mine will I die. Live on in thy faith but in mine I will

die. I have lost for that faith more than

thou canst bestow As the God who permits thee to pros - per doth know;

In his hand .. is my heart and my hope _ and in

thine The land and the life which for him I re-sign. The land and the

life which for him I re-sign.

WERE MY BOSOM AS FALSE AS THOU DEEM'ST IT TO BE.

WERE my bosom as false as thou deem'st it to be,
 I need not have wander'd from far Galilee ;
 It was but abjuring my creed to efface
 The curse which, thou say'st, is the crime of my race.

If the bad never triumph, then God is with thee !
 If the slave only sin, thou art spotless and free !
 If the Exile on earth is an Outcast on high,
 Live on in thy faith, but in mine I will die !

I have lost for that faith more than thou canst bestow,
 As the God who permits thee to prosper doth know ;
 In His hand is my heart and my hope—and in thine
 The land and the life which for him I resign.

The firmness of faith set forth in this Molody does credit to the general feelings of Lord Byron, in consequence of the re-altered state of the Jews ; a feeling which on many occasions he warmly evinced with many liberal remarks.

His Lordship often observed that, notwithstanding the oppressed state of the Jewish nation, though dispersed in every clime, without a fixed country, yet they remain uncontaminated by the creed of any other nation, and retain their original forms of worship with their primitive laws and bonds of union.

"A fabric," observed his Lordship, "on which the lapse of ages has had no power ; and, although many sects have risen to their zenith and gone to decay, yet the primitive faith of this people retains every original feature."

The last lines have a forcible allusion to the losses and inconveniences sustained by that people ; and at the same time concentrates all hope of alleviation in the power of that God who at first gave them a place in the scale of human existence.

THEY SAY THAT HOPE IS HAPPINESS.

" *Felix qui potuit rerum cognoscere causas.*"—VIRGIL.

THEY say that Hope is happiness—
 But genuine Love must prize the past ;
 And mem'ry wakes the thoughts that bless :
 They rose the first—they set the last.
 And all that mem'ry loves the most
 Was once our only hope to be :
 And all that hope adored and lost
 Hath melted into memory.

Alas ! it is delusion all—
 The future cheats us from afar :
 Nor can we be what we recal,
 Nor dare we think on what we are.

The modesty of genius always appears in the possessor when real merit is taken in the aggregate, and never was more conspicuous than in the person of Lord Byron.

The foregoing lines were officiously taken up by a person who arrogated to himself some self-importance in criticism, and who made an observation upon their demerits; on which his Lordship quaintly observed, "They were written in haste, and they shall perish in the same manner," and immediately consigned them to the flames. As my music adapted to them, however, did not share the same fate, and having a contrary opinion of anything that might fall from the pen of Lord Byron, I treasured them up, and on a subsequent interview with his Lordship I accused him of having committed suicide in making so valuable a *burnt offering*; to which his Lordship smilingly replied, "The act seems to *inflamm* you: come, Nathan, since you are displeased with the *sacrifice*, I give them to you as a *peace offering*.—use them as you may deem proper."

They say that hope is happiness.

Duet for Two Sopranos.

Ent. Sta Hall.

Poet. Lord Byron.

London, Falkner, 5, Old Bond Street.

Composer. J. Nathan.

Price 2/6

ALLEGRO
MODERATO

They say that hope is happiness hope is happiness But ge.nuine love must
hope is happiness But ge.nuine love must

prize the past And mem'ry wakes the thoughts that bless They rose the first they
prize the past And mem'ry wakes the thoughts that bless They rose the first they

set the last They rose the first they set the last,
 set the last They rose the first they set the last,

And all that mem'ry loves the most
 And all that mem'ry

Was once our only hope our only hope was once our on.ly hope to
 loves the most Was once our only hope our only hope our only

be was once our on-ly hope to be And all that
 hope was once our on-ly hope to be And

hope a dor'd and lost hath melt ed
 all that hope adord and lost hath melted in.to mem'ry And all that hope adord and lost hath

in to mem'ry They say that
 melted in.to mem' ry in to mem'ry

hope is happi-ness hope is happiness But genuine love must prize the past and
 hope is happiness But genuine love must prize the past and

mem'ry wakes the thoughts that bless they rose the first they set the last they
 mem' - ry wakes the thoughts that bless they rose the first they set the last they

rose..... the first they rose..... the first they set they set the
 rose..... the first they rose..... the first they set they set the

last they set the last They say that hope is happiness But genuine love must prize the past And

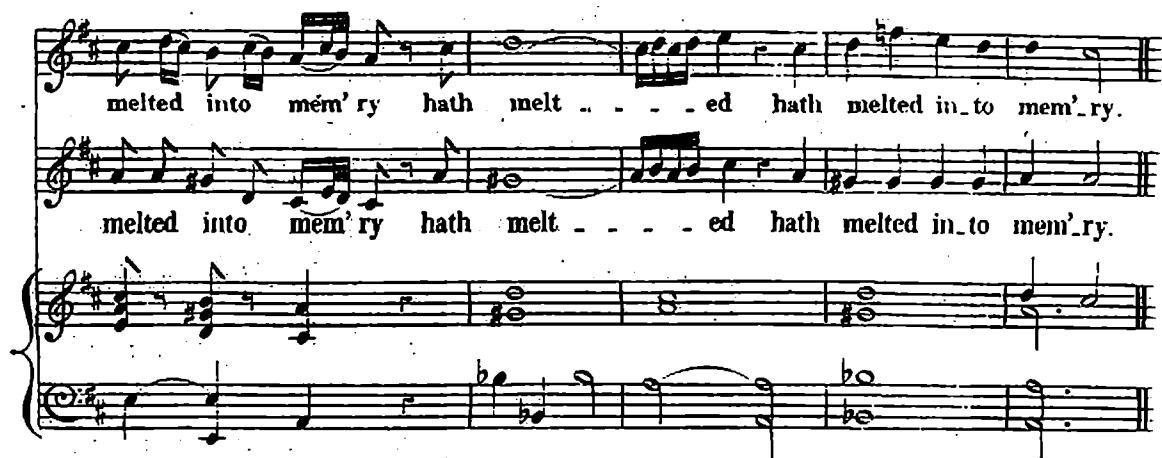
last they set the last They say that hope is happiness But genuine love must prize the past And

memory wakes the thoughts that bless they rose the first they set the last And all that memory

memory wakes the thoughts that bless they rose the first they set the last And all that memory

loves the most was once our only hope to be And all that hope adorned and lost Hath

loves the most was once our only hope to be And all that hope adorned and lost Hath



melted into mem'ry hath melt . . . ed hath melted in to mem'ry.

melted into mem'ry hath melt . . . ed hath melted in to mem'ry.



A las! it is de_lusion de_lusion de_lu_sion all The fu_ture

A las! it is de_lusion de_lu . . . sion all The fu_ture

ADAGIO



cheats us from a . . far from a . . far, Nor can we

cheats us from a . . far from a . . far, Nor can we

be what we re - call Nor dare we think on what on
 be what we re - call Nor dare we think on what we

what we are Nor dare we think on what we are
 are Nor dare we think on what we are Nor

Nor dare we think on what we are.
 dare we think on what we are.